

CHARLES H. RUSSELL: REMINISCENCES OF A NEVADA CONGRESSMAN, GOVERNOR, AND LEGISLATOR

Interviewee: Charles H. Russell

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Description

Charles H. Russell was born in Lovelock in 1903. He recounts the details of an active political life in Nevada. He has served Nevada as a member of both houses of the state legislature, a congressman, and a two-term governor. Russell has been a member of the Joint Committee on Foreign Economic Cooperation, which played a role in implementing the Marshall Plan, and has directed an Agency for International Development project in Paraguay.

In this oral history, Russell tells of many of the events of his life, including his childhood on a ranch at Deeth, nearly two decades as a newspaperman at Ely, and his long public career. He also gives important information about the legislature, campaigning for office, and other individuals who have figured prominently in the state's life during the last four decades.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

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In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Charles H. Russell is a native of Nevada, born in Lovelock in 1903. When invited to record his memoirs for the Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies, Governor Russell accepted graciously, and recounted the details of an active political life through twelve taping sessions extending from March 8, 1965, through August 16, 1966. A cooperative and enthusiastic memoirist, Mr. Russell appeared to enjoy answering questions about his lengthy career in Nevada public life. Professor Elmer Rusco's introduction evaluates the contribution Charles Russell thus made to future research in Nevada political history.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape recording the reminiscences of persons who have played significant roles in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Nevada and the West Collection of the University of Nevada Library. Permission to cite or quote from

Charles Russell's oral history may be obtained through the Center for Western North American Studies. Mr. Russell's permission to use the script is required of all researchers during his lifetime.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
August, 1967

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

Charles H. Russell has served Nevada as a member of both houses of the state legislature, a Congressman, and a two-term Governor. In addition, he has been a member of the Joint Committee on Foreign Economic Cooperation, which played a role in implementing the Marshall Plan, and has directed an Agency for International Development project in Paraguay. The story of his life is therefore of great importance to both the state and the nation.

In this *Reminiscence*, Governor Russell tells of many of the interesting events of his life, including his childhood on a ranch at Deeth, nearly two decades as a newspaper man at Ely, and his long public career. In addition to shedding light on his own important role in Nevada's recent past, he gives us important information about the legislature, campaigning for office, and other individuals who have also figured prominently in the state's life during the last four decades.

Scholars will find Governor Russell's autobiographical document an indispensable

aid to study of Nevada and its political life. The Center for Western North American Studies is proud to make this document available to the state. We are also grateful to Governor Russell for the many hours he has devoted to preserving this record of his thought and action.

Elmer R. Rusco
Assistant Professor Political Science
University of Nevada
1967

EARLY DAYS

I was born in the little town of Lovelock, Nevada, December 27, 1903. At that time, my father, who was also a native of Nevada, born in Mineral Hill, was a cattle buyer for the W. H. Moffat company. My mother, who was born in Belmont, Nevada, the daughter of George and Mary Ernst, was also a native of Nevada, and prior to her marriage to my father, had attended the Bishop Whitaker School for Girls, an Episcopal school, in Reno. Later, with two of her brothers, she had attended school in Berkeley, California.

As I said, my mother was a member of the Ernst family. Her father, George Ernst, had come into Nevada in the early fifties, from Germany and across the United States, in an ox train. He was a civil engineer and came to the western part of Nevada. Of course, at that time there was no Reno. He settled in Dayton, and was the engineer who did the survey work for Sutro on the Sutro tunnel. His wife's brother was a baker, and had settled into Dayton in the early days. In fact, Mary Ernst's mother died in Dayton the night that Nevada became a state. They were married, and went

to southern Nevada, down in Pahrangat Valley where later he did quite a bit of survey work and had a ranch. Later, he ran sheep in the area which is now Tonopah, and they lived in Belmont, which was the county seat of Nye County. He had a store there also.

I recall once being in a bookstore in San Francisco, where the owner said he had quite a few papers about the early days of Nevada. He wanted to show me several, and he pulled out an oath which at that time any official in Nevada had to take. This happened to be the county surveyor of the then Nye County. He had signed the oath, stating he would not fight a duel if it was necessary to fight. It was signed by my grandfather Ernst. He also, at one time, owned what we called the Belmont Mine. When I was a small boy, my mother used to say, "Well, sometime the mine will come in, and we will all be well off." The mine never did come in.

He ran sheep up through northern Elko County. At those times, the sheep were not restricted as they are at the present time by commensurate property, public domain, and

so on. My mother met my father in Elko, where they were married.

In the Ernst family, a large number live on the coast now. Margaret Ernst, who teaches in the Reno High School, has for years, is a first cousin of mine, the daughter of George Jr. George Ernst had several sons, one was George Ernst who was a rancher in Fallon, and has many relatives there at the present time, though he's deceased, of course. A son Clarence, who moved to California married a Drown girl from Elko, tied in the Drowns and the Ernsts. Sarah married a man by the name of Locke, in Railroad Valley, and for years had the ranch in the Railroad Valley, which that branch of the family sold out in the past few years. Then there was Ella, who married Bob Douglass, who was for years internal revenue collector for the state of Nevada. And, I might say, that all of these people were Democrats. Bob has passed on, of course. Then my mother had the three children, my brother James, who is deceased now, my sister Ellen who lives in California, graduated from the University of Nevada, and taught school for a number of years in Reno, and I.

George Ernst's sister, Sophie Williams, was regent of the University of Nevada at one time, 1923. Of course, she'd be my great aunt.

Now on the Russell side of the family, my grandfather, James Russell, went to sea as an Irish cabinboy—born in Ireland. My grandfather went to sea when he was about eleven. He lived for a year, as a boy, in India. He was first mate on the sailing vessels for years. As a comparatively young man, he came into California in 1849, in the gold rush days. He had a claim next to Hearst claim down below Auburn. He later went to follow mining, and went to Canada. He was in Australia during the Chinese massacre and had to leave Australia at that time. He was an adventurous man.

He was married, I believe, after the Civil War, because he served in the Civil War in California. He came into the old town of Hamilton, where he did contract work and mining. Then from there to Mineral Hill, and then to Elko, where he had his dairy ranch for years. (These things my Uncle George Russell, who is eighty-nine, could figure out much better than I). And, of course, he had a number of children; my father, James, who followed ranching all his life; George, who was the politician of the family, was a newspaperman—and probably whom I had taken after somewhat—had served in the Nevada state legislature, and served for eight years as state treasurer; Mamie, who taught school, was married, divorced, had one child who was killed in an auto accident and now passed away, of course; Dolly, who married Neal Chapin. All of them, of course, were born in Nevada. May I state this: our children are the third generation born entirely in Nevada, except Jimmy Todd. Jimmy Todd, who is now eighteen, was born in Washington, D. C., when I was in Congress.

I remember not too much, of course, of my early childhood in Lovelock, although I remember in later years of going back through there and asking my mother to point out the house in which I was born. She told me that a number of years after I was born, it had been turned into a chicken coop, so I imagine that it was not very pretentious.

The first school that I remember—vaguely—attending was in Lovelock. I attended the first and second grades there. Sometimes it's difficult to remember names, but I remember that my teacher was Bessie Keith, who was of a pioneer family from Elko. The reason I remember her is because she was original at that time, and wore her hair fluffed up. We called her "Miss Tumbleweed." She has

now passed on, too, but in later years, I went to see her several times.

When I was nine years old, at the time that I was living with my parents in Oakland, and my father returned to Nevada to take charge of the series of ranches of the Union Land and Cattle Company, with headquarters in Deeth, Nevada; this involved the running of both the cattle and sheep. I recall arriving in Deeth during the summer months with my mother and brother and sister and taking up our life on the ranch. The ranch happens to be right in Deeth itself. Deeth, at that time, was a small community of, I would say, probably, 150 people was all. It did have two grocery stores, and three saloons. Now the reason for the stores was that Deeth was thirty miles from Elko and twenty miles from Wells. But in those days, the roads were very poor, and transportation likewise, so that the ranchers customarily would trade in small town centers, and very often would run their bills until the fall when they would ship their cattle or sheep, when a general payment would be made.

The saloons were as they are today, except they were probably more primitive in a way, and sold their goods to the ranchers, cowboys, and the others.

Deeth was quite lively in that the sheep used to be brought down from the Charleston, Nevada, area which is just south of Jarbidge. The cattle used to be trailed down from southern Idaho, down around the Mary's River into Deeth, where they would be loaded and shipped. Then, of course, It was the center of shipment for cattle from Star Valley, and at times as far as Ruby Valley.

It was very active in the fall, during the shipping months for the cattle.

Also in the early days there, I can recall the jerkline teams of horses used to leave Deeth for Jarbidge, Nevada, the northern part of

the state, situated close to the Idaho border, where gold had been found and several gold mines were in operation. Supplies would be loaded from the depots in Deeth, where both the railroads—the Southern Pacific and the Western Pacific—had depots. And I can recall watching the loading of several wagons full of beer kegs and other supplies, and watching the jerk-line teams as they left the edge of town and crossed a narrow bridge and made a right-angle turn; watching how the horses maneuvered over the long chains and the dexterity of the driver; the art which has since passed away. There was always excitement when these teams arrived from Jarbidge. Now this is going back to the time when I was a boy of nine or ten years old.

I recall the thrills of going to the little country school, which was two rooms; close to a third or fourth of the pupils were Indian students. The difference between kneepants and blouses with long stockings, which I wore to school as a boy in Oakland, compared to the customary bib overalls and blue shirts and what they called “boy scout” shoes, that all the boys wore in the country schools at that time.

As a boy, in every boy's mind was having a bicycle, for instance. I never did have a bike. In fact, my father, who was very fond of horses, whenever I wanted a bicycle, he would say, “Go pick out another horse to ride.” I remember as a boy, I was nine years old, starting out on a white mule, learning to ride and then graduating to the horses, and then never having a bicycle.

The ranch house at the time, was equipped with every modern convenience. It was equipped with the old carbide light system. We had a little gasoline motor that lifted the water out of the well into a tank that ran into the house. We even had an inside bathroom, which was, I believe, only one of the two in the town of Deeth at the time. There was

a cesspool out in back, which the horses usually fell into once or twice a year, and had to be hauled out of. Modern as to that day, of course; obsolete now.

One of the difficulties on the ranch was the preservation of any type of food. We'd buy in large quantities, because the six or seven ranches had to be supplied. We had a concrete house, storage house, for the food, and usually it evolved down into dried peaches, dried apricots, dried apples, dried raisins, "sow-belly" we called it, or salt pork. On the Cross Ranch, the meat was killed and quarters taken to the different ranches to be utilized. It was necessary in hot weather to hang the meat out at night and also to corn part of the meat to save it; that is, what we call now corned beef, put down in this brine solution.

As to vegetables, there were-very few green vegetables except during some of the summer months, and these were hard to keep. There was no refrigeration except, on a couple of the ranches, we had what we called ice houses. In those days, it seemed like there was more intense cold, and there was more water in the rivers, in the Mary's River, and the Humboldt River. In Deeth, one of the things in the wintertime was to go down to the ice pond where there was the bend in the river and it was fairly deep, and saw up huge blocks of ice. These were all then hauled in turn to the tie house we had in back, chinked heavily between the ties, and a layer of ice would be put down then a layer of hay and another of ice, a layer of hay until it would be completely filled. In this manner, we were able to preserve ice until nearly the end of the summer months. Of course, the water was not pure and could not very well be used as directly into any water to cool it or the like, but we had one of the old-fashioned ice-boxes, where you put a huge piece of ice in the top and it cooled off the milk or other things in the bottom.

As to milk, we had several cows, of course. That was during the days prior to the separator, when everything had to be skimmed by hand. Every ranch had what we called a milk house, a room where pans of milk would be set, where it would be cooled, and cream would come to the top, and be skimmed off by hand. The idea of buying butter was remote, because every place made their own butter, the same as every place had a few chickens and raised their own eggs.

Typically on the ranches, the food was basic. In the morning, it usually amounted to cooked oatmeal, which was used more or less universally by the ranches at that time, either fried salt pork or sometimes home-cured bacon. The ranches would raise a few hogs, and in turn, in the fall would cure the hams and the bacon.

We used a great deal of potatoes, a large quantity of meat, and a large quantity of flour. Very popular was the old sourdough biscuits, as they were made at the time, or the common biscuits that we have now. Raised bread, with the starter yeast was a sort of a precious thing then. Everybody saved their potato water and borrowed yeast starts from one another in the making of the bread.

Work was hard and long. Breakfast was at six o'clock in the morning, and supper was at six o'clock in the evening. I recall that when working in the ranch, we would get up and have our horses ready before breakfast. We would eat at six. We had an hour off at noon. We'd work until about five-thirty, and eat at six in the evening. We went to bed early then, in order to be up early the next morning.

Yet, it was a life that was full in itself. There were no such things as entertainment, other than maybe a weekend dance. I mean that there were no movie pictures, of course, no radio. It was before the time of radio. It was the time of the old square dances when

someone would play a fiddle or a piano, and they would gather, sometimes in the winter at either Deeth or Star Valley, and they would have a dance. In this case, the whole family would go.

I recall filling up the sleigh, the hayrack, we called it then, half full of hay, and everybody snuggling down and going the five or six miles to Star Valley where they had dance hall, tethering the horses, and the family would pile out. They had a room where the younger children would be put to sleep on the floor. Everybody would take food in the baskets and put all the food together at midnight, dance the old-fashioned dances and have a wonderful time, and get back home at two or three o'clock in the morning, nearly time to do the chores. Everybody happy and costing a minimum.

In many ways, the entertainment was far more enjoyable than the present time. Presumably, with the older men, there may have been a drink or two, but you never saw such a thing as what they call a cocktail party or drinking at a dance that way. It seemed to be more wholesome fun with people getting together. They might not have seen each other for weeks. The women visiting, the men, even the children dancing, everybody generally having a good time.

The boyhood on the ranch was probably the most wonderful life that a person could ever have. I know it was to me. Because here you have the Humboldt River, the Mary's River; there was more water then. In both rivers there was an abundance of trout. At that time, back in the hills, there were many sagehens. It was a time before everybody had the craze of hunting or fishing, where roads were not good, where cars were not developed as they were later years. So a boy growing up on a ranch lived a wonderful life with nature. In the spring, we would fish, and a group of

us, several, maybe we would camp out, fish, overnight. In fact, we used to take wooden candy buckets, and catch many trout. We'd cut the heads off and slit them down the center, put a layer of trout, then a layer of rocksalt, and let them build their own brine, and they keep that way.

We used to go out in sagehen season and have no trouble at all in getting whatever quantity we were allowed to get. There were ducks on the river. We even used to go hunting coyotes. several winters, when the rabbits were bad, they were eating so much of the hay in the haystack, my father would buy my brother and I .22 shells, and we'd have to sit out there for days at a time doing nothing but shooting jackrabbits, trying to get rid of part of them.

I've always been interested in animals. When the sheepmen used to bring the sheep down from the mountains, to ship in the fall, if there was a little stray, or leppie, I used to get ahold of it for a pet. I recall several summers that I made money using the pet sheep which would follow me and lead the other sheep into the cars. I also had a pet badger at one time called Mardell. It made a wonderful pet. I also tried to make pets out of several coyotes.

It was a typical life of a boy on a ranch. It was riding, being in the open, working in the hay fields in summer, chores around the ranch, in winter, attending the country school. Growing up, probably oblivious to some of the, I won't say finer things, but complicated things of the city life and all, yet to me a life that in itself, I think, would have been hard to equal.

So I spent my developing years then in Deeth, Nevada, thirty miles the other side of Elko, and attended a two-room school. It was rather interesting as far as the school life was concerned. In those days, we had no busses, hot lunches, modern conveniences. And yet

we were somehow able to attain the basic three R's of education.

There was series of teachers as far as Deeth was concerned; it is strange that offhand I don't remember all of their names.

At high school age, it was necessary to attend a high school in Elko, Nevada. Of course, at that time, which was back in 1918, very few of the rural youths attended high school. And I was fortunate, along with my brother, and in later years, my sister, to attend the high school in Elko, and live in a dormitory there. This necessitated being away from Deeth the greater part of the year, because the roads were closed in the wintertime at that time, and the only communication between Deeth and Elko was by the railroad train. I graduated from high school in 1922.

I recently had a basketball tournament recalled to my mind. It was forty-four years ago that I played on the Elko High School team. The basketball tournament was in Reno, Nevada. At that time, I was also student body president of my high school. It was interesting to note that J. E. Martie was my basketball coach. He later came to the University of Nevada and served for many years as the athletic director here at the University. This, of course, gets back to the age factor—Martie's now retired and I have the comfortable age of sixty-three years.

I enjoyed going to school in Elko, very much so, because it had been set up then they didn't have the buses like they have now. The dormitory had been built in 1917 in Elko; one side was for boys and one side was for girls. The boys and girls throughout the county were sent there by their parents; I think they paid twenty-five or thirty dollars a month for board and room. This was very well run. We lived in the dormitory; we had hours, a curfew at night, had to be in, supervision, and all that sort of thing, which probably was very good

for us. The school, most of the time when I was there, was under the direction of Bertha Knemeyer, who was the principal, a girl who was born and reared out in, I believe it was Smith Valley, at least in Lyon County, and who passed away several years ago. The only thing was that while we had basketball and track, she never would let us have football.

Elko High School was quite small then, and as I recall my graduating class, there were only twenty-two of us. I was salutatorian of the class at that time. Oddly enough, Marion Clawson, who was valedictorian, later went on to become quite high up in government service. In fact, at one time he was head of the Bureau of Land Management in Washington. We've renewed our friendship since then. He's written several books. I have lost track of him right now. But Marion was a brilliant chap, and was the valedictorian of the group.

I was also class president two or three years. We had a system there. We had class presidents, supervisors and then mayor. In my junior year, I was supervisor and in my senior year, mayor. Of course, that was relatively easy. I lived in the dormitory and we all organized the kids from out in the country against the kids from Elko and were able to win out. The amazing part was the interest that they took in it. I can recall in those days, that when Charlie Henderson was running on the Democratic ticket for United States Senator, how they'd come up to the school and ask for volunteers of who would march in the torchlight procession of cattails soaked in kerosene and tar and so on. I always volunteered. Of course, Charlie Henderson was a Democrat.

I think in a small school that way that the students took a great interest in politics, and rightly so, the stimulus in Nevada being a small state.

When I was high school age, I visited Jarbidge for the first time. In fact, my father,

every fall, would drive up to southern Idaho and would purchase cattle—what we call feeder cattle, or cattle that had to be fattened before they could be marketed. And I, on a couple of these trips, accompanied him to Idaho, and we would pass through Jarbidge. At that time, Jarbidge was a rather brusque mining town, with its miners, with its rather fancy bars, and places that I could, of course, only look into, and wake up hearing the men shouting in the night; all of which was a different life to me.

But, later, as I grew older, and when I attended the University of Nevada, a very close friend of mine lived in Jarbidge, and I visited the place. At that time the mining was declining, but it was still an active gold camp, a beautiful district in a canyon, and a steep winding road that led into it.

It was very difficult to negotiate in the early cars, and the old wagons used to have trouble in getting down. And then in the floor of the canyon was a stream going through, and the mines on the sides of the hills, one of which I recall was the Long Hike mine, and the saloons and dance halls, the stores and so on.

I think probably one of the most prominent families to come out of Jarbidge was the Crumley family. Later, Mr. Crumley purchased the hotel in Elko and his son, Newton Crumley, became a regent of the University of Nevada, and was very active in the hotel business in the state.

I used to work on the ranch during my summer vacations. Of course, it was always in haying. My father had the rule that when a boy reached the age of fourteen years, he had certain duties on the ranch and he had to work all during the summer.

I saved money enough, of course, to at least pay for part of my college education. My father, who had only graduated probably from

the eighth grade, insisted that his children receive a college education. I came to the University of Nevada then in the fall of 1922. I stayed at Lincoln Hall, which now appears to be somewhat the same as it was then. I remember I had a room on the third floor with Russell Weeks, who is a prominent rancher in Clover Valley now. He was a member of an old Nevada family and a nephew of the late Senator McCarran.

After living in Lincoln Hall for one semester, I joined the Kappa Lambda fraternity, which was then a local and is now Lambda Chi Alpha. And I recall in those days how we rented a house down on Maple Street. It was right across the street from the then home of Dr. Peter Frandsen—"Professor Bugs" as we called him—one of the professors at the University.

I participated in normal activities and my grades were above average. However, they frankly could have been better, because here you have the country boy in the city, learning the social life and things probably unaccustomed in the formative years on the ranch.

I graduated from the University of Nevada and I returned home to the town of Deeth. My father wanted me to remain on the ranch to learn the ranching, but a man by the name of Bob Franklin, who was superintendent of schools in Elko County, insisted that he had a school that he wanted me to teach in. The result of this was that I went to Arthur in Ruby Valley, and taught there in a one-room school for one year. I had four students, four boys, one in the second grade, one in the sixth grade, and two in the first year of high school.

I remember quite well before I went to teach school in Arthur, because for a hundred and fifty dollars—most of which I borrowed from my father—I bought an old Chevrolet two-seated car. It was a coupe, and it wasn't

closed in. Of course, Ruby Valley was not too far from Deeth; you had to drive over Secret Pass to get to the valley. But, in those days, there seemed to be much more snow than at the present time, and we were isolated on the ranch all during the winter months. There was a school nearby; in fact, there were three schools, I would say maybe five or six miles apart. At one of them, Blanche Wyckoff was the teacher. I remember her quite well. Later, she went to the University with me the same year, married Chet Scranton, and still lives in Reno. And down below us was another school, and I have forgotten the name of the teacher there, but we used to get together once in a while, because the only recreation they had in the valley then was playing Five Hundred.

When it snowed in that way, we could only travel by teams, so all the, people would congregate at some ranch house for the weekend. Sometimes they'd all stay overnight because, due to the storm, they couldn't leave. They would sleep all over the place.

I had this little one-room school set up by the house; no modern facilities, of course. The books were adequate; they had a course of study to follow. All of the boys were fine. I can recall that their father was a rancher. He has recently passed away in Elko—Louis Sharp.

Then in the fall, during the week, we might take a day or two off from school and help brand the cattle. Or I'd help them kill the pigs for the wintertime, and make it up over Saturday and Sunday. It was that type of school, informal, and a wonderful family. Clarence Sharp was the oldest of the boys and had been through school. He was the father of Milton Sharp, who lives in Reno at the present time.

I had no difficulty, really, in the school. The work was simple, the boys were fine.

They wanted to study. In those days, I thought myself somewhat of an amateur artist. Some of the work that we did then was with watercolors. We also used plaster of Paris molds, made pictures and so on that might impress the superintendent of schools. He took a number of them for exhibit at one time.

For me, I suppose it just wasn't quite fast enough, if you want to call it that. You'd get through school, you'd help around the place, lots of snow, and of course, people didn't ski in those days. And you'd read, but there wasn't enough to do. And I don't think I was quite cut out for a schoolteacher of that kind anyway.

The Sharp family were very kind to me, and wanted me to return the second year, even waiving the payment of board and room, but I was somewhat adventurous, and so I returned to Deeth and worked for the Railroad Express that summer.

I recall the gold shipments coming in from the old town of Jarbidge. They would arrive down in Deeth, and I would strap on an old forty-five, and take a sawed-off shotgun and be locked with the bullion in the express car and make the trip down to San Francisco, over the mountains, alone in the car. The gold would be unloaded and taken back to Selby. Then I would "deadhead," as they called it, back to Deeth and to my job with the Railroad Express. This was a surer job.

In the fall, my father wanted me to stay on the ranch, which I did. As I said, he had charge of several ranches that ran up what we called Mary's River country at that time. These included the Deeth Ranch, the Cross Ranch, the Mala Vista, the Buena Vista, the Grock Ranch, and other properties. So I remained on the ranch, on the home ranch, in Deeth, and was digging post holes and working on the ranch in the fall when the Chinese cook, who was cooking for the men, left. Any guy who grows up on a ranch learns to cook,

so my father asked me if I would cook for several weeks until we could get another Chinaman, which I did. The men, however, ran the Chinaman off, and it fell to me then to spend about seven or eight months that winter cooking for a group of men—an experience which I shall never forget. That has proven somewhat interesting in my life, because I think when a man becomes interested in cooking he not only studies it, but he reads about it and develops it into dishes for pleasing, at least, him.

In the spring of the following year, which would have been 1928, I had the wanderlust and persuaded my father that I would like nothing better than to be on board a ship. He gave me a letter to a friend in San Francisco; those were the days when it was very difficult to obtain employment for a young man. I went down to San Francisco; first thought of joining the Marines. My older brother, who was with me then, talked me out of it. And then I went to what they call the hiring hall, and was hired out on board one of the old Admiral Line ships as a wiper. Now a wiper is a man who's somewhat of a grease monkey, who's down in the engine room wiping up the grease, and doing the painting, helping out the assistant engineer. I recall quite vividly the several trips up and down the coast, especially from San Francisco down to San Diego and San Pedro area, in which there were heavy seas and I became violently sick while attempting to work in the hold of the ship. Then also, of course, the bunk was down in the fore part of the ship. The others worked in the same work I did, and most of them were Portuguese. I left the ship that fall due to oil poisoning on my hands.

I returned to Deeth to visit with my folks. About that time, my brother, who had attended the Polytechnic College of Engineering at Oakland, California, had come

up from the coast and wanted me to drive with him to Ruth, Nevada, where he thought he would try to obtain a job with what is now Kennecott Copper Company; that's an open-pit mine. I drove with him, and we arrived there about the first of September. He was immediately employed, and the man who was doing the employing then—one of the mine officials—turned to me and asked me if I'd like to go to work for the company as time-keeper. And so I threw up the opportunity of returning to ship, and said I would go back to Deeth, and then by train back to Ely. So I went to work for the copper company. I remained there until May first of 1929. I can remember quite vividly the day.

I had an uncle who was married to my father's sister. His name was Neal Chapin. He spent some time in Nevada state legislature. He owned a newspaper, a weekly newspaper, in Ely. And he called me up in Ruth and asked me if I'd visit with him. At that time, he was a cashier in the Ely National Bank, and wanted to know if I'd be interested in running, editing, the newspaper. Still being somewhat adventurous, I said that I would like to try; and I did. It meant then that for the next seventeen years I was editor of, and part owner in the Ely Record. Half of its business was the weekly newspaper; the other half was what we called job printing.

MY WORK AS A NEVADA LEGISLATOR

When I went to Ruth, Nevada, it was during the heyday of 1929. It was the time of prohibition, the time of the great development by the copper companies. Ely, between Ruth and McGill, was probably one of the wildest towns in Nevada at that time. They operated there as they did probably in other parts of the state. Illegal gambling halls that were let run, obviously. Also the days of the bootleg; several men in Ely were noted as being among those furnishing some of the better grades that were sold around the state of Nevada at that time.

I was editor of the Ely Record in 1933 when the banks closed, and unbeknownst to anyone in the county then except the Ely National Bank, which was there, we printed, I would call, notes of convenience, I guess, or money that could be used in the district if it were called upon at that time, if the bank would close. But the two banks there in Ely did not close, whereas a number of the banks in Nevada did. But I can remember that quietly, we printed these notes and had the safes stacked full of them, over a period of time, in case the banks should have trouble,

or something should happen. And later, they were taken out and cut in pieces and burned without anyone ever knowing of the fact.

At that time, too, with the copper company working ten days a month, it was very difficult. Fortunately, I was not married, and everything we did was traded out. I lived in a hotel that owed us a bill and traded out my room to the hotel. I ate at a restaurant that owed us a bill at the Ely Record, and paid the Record, for the amount of money that I paid at the restaurant. In other words, everything there for a period of a year or two was sort of barter and trade; not only with myself, but with many of the merchants involved, because the conditions were very poor, and the depression hit the mining community probably more severely than it did most of the other communities within the state of Nevada.

It was when I was in the Nevada state legislature that the Nevada Northern Railroad was owned by Kennecott Copper Corporation, and was run by a man by the name of G. L. Hickey. And it was Mr. Hickey who was displeased with the voting record in the

legislature, and the assembly in this case, and we used to do quite a bit of printing for the railroad company and for Kennecott, itself. When I returned, the pressure was put on me, not by Kennecott itself, but by the Nevada Northern, and the printing that we used to do for them, we did no longer.

Where our margin of business and the period in the thirties there, where conditions were still very tight and difficult, it meant a margin that for us, it was very difficult to keep on going; however, we did. I recall I used to do the janitor work at the paper, and then during the rough period of several years, I learned to run presses. I did the press work, and we were able to get by. But few people realize, except those about my age, what we went through in the thirties, in the depression, and the difficulties we encountered; to see the people, especially those that worked for companies and all, on ten days work a month, and having difficulty in paying bills of any type. It makes you hope sincerely that steps are taken, and I believe they have been taken, that we do not return to such a period.

When I went to Ely—of course, Vail Pittman older than I, had established himself in Ely—I was a newcomer coming in to run the paper that was owned by my uncle, and which I became a partner in. Mr. Pittman ran the Daily Times. He was very much interested in politics, and, of course, had the prestige of having his brother as a United States Senator. And to come up against this, a young chap, it was somewhat difficult for me. Pittman had been very much interested in politics, and I think that in some ways he was held back for a time on account of his brother, because his brother was consistently reelected and it probably would have been too much, for two members of the family active in politics of Nevada at the same time. However, when I was there, Mr. Pittman was active in the

Chamber of Commerce, I was at the same time. He was Rotarian, I was a Lion. He was very much interested in the Democratic party. I recall at one time that as a newspaperman, I attended a meeting of the Democratic central committee for news for the paper, and he attempted to have me thrown out of the meeting. It was just those little things through a number of years that made us competitive; of course, part of it was in trying to secure advertising; we were competitive in the printing business because half of our work there in the Ely Record was printing at the time, and he did a great amount.

Prior to the time I took the position as the editor of the Ely Record, I was somewhat independent as far as politics was concerned. And I still feel that I am at the present time. In high school in Elko, which I had served for several years as frosh president, and then supervisor, and then mayor or president of the student body, I ran on the Democratic ticket. My mother was always a Democrat, on her side of the family, and my father on his side of the family was always Republican. On reaching the age of twenty-one, I registered as a non-partisan; not being too much active in either party, but trying to weigh myself as to which party I should belong to.

The Ely Record was a Republican paper. The Ely Daily Times, was, of course, very strongly Democrat. White Pine County was at least three or three-and-a-half to one Democratic in registration. After being a few months with the Ely Record, I registered as a Republican. Two reasons; one, to be an opposition paper, and, two, because I thought at that time that the principles of the Republican party were somewhat more conservative, but more basic to the American people than those of the Democratic party.

In the spring of 1934, after I had been at the paper for about five years, they had a

Republican meeting to try to get people to run for office. The Republican meeting at those times meant a few people like Bill Goodman, like Tom Wheelwright, like Carl Muir, and some of the others in White Pine County, getting together and trying to determine if there was a possibility of electing at least one person in the Republican party, in White Pine County.

So it was, I guess, in the summer of 1934, having worked in Ruth and knowing so many of the miners and all, they persuaded me to file for one of the assembly posts from White Pine County, which I did. It gave me the opportunity of also visiting every farm, ranch, small community, every mine in White Pine County. They helped me in my newspaper work, because at this time I was also doing the writing and corresponding from eastern Nevada for the Salt Lake Tribune in Salt Lake City, Utah, and they were trying some feature stories that I was writing at the time.

So I entered into the campaign of making a house-to-house canvass. There were many amusing incidents, too many to relate here. I recall in Steptoe Valley, at the old Lusetti ranch, there was an Italian family who were very good friends of mine that I had not visited, and I pulled up in front of the ranch on a hot day. I was heading up to Cherry Creek, and old John Lusetti came out and said, "You have to have a cold drink." I did not know too much of the Italian people at that time; later I learned to regard them very highly. And so he insisted I go in the cellar with him where he had a barrel of wine that he had made. I was not very accustomed to the wine. This was during Prohibition, and I, like any other young chap, had tested my wings, as the saying is, as to what alcohol was about. But still, I had found out that for me it was, it had to be taken in limited quantities. I asked him if it was strong, he said, "No." He

said, "This wine that I make is just like grape juice." So I drank a cold tumbler down. Then I sat and talked. We had another one, and probably another one, because I remember leaving sometime shortly after. Getting into my car, the heat of the day hit me. The car was wandering off the road. Finally, sometime during the night, I woke, and the car was in the sagebrush right side up. I had been fast asleep and somewhat sick in the car for a number of hours. It taught me then that in campaigning, one of the things you have to do is, you have to limit yourself. You cannot take a drink with everyone you meet. This came in good standing in later campaigns.

Also I remember in some campaigning in some of the districts outlying from Ely. Of course, in those days, the sanitation was practically nil, in many ways. Going into a place, a woman said, "Well, you have to have a glass of buttermilk," and flipping the flies out of the glass, you sat there and drank it and said you liked it.

When I first ran for office in White Pine County in 1934, the Democratic party was very well organized. The leader in the Democratic party at that time was Vail Pittman. Vail, along with Jim Collins, an attorney, were very active. Jim Collins at one time was secretary to James C. Scrugham, when Scrugham was governor, and he had later moved to White Pine County. W. L. Tuck, a Democrat, was very strong in certain circles in the county, and there were a number of others in Ruth and McGill.

In the Republican party, there were no bosses as such. I mean there was Bill Goodman, who had been interested in the party for many years. And Tom Wheelwright and Carl Muir, all of whom were businessmen. My uncle, Neal Chapin, at one time, had been state senator from White Pine County, 1913-1924, on the Republican ticket, but

was somewhat inactive in politics at this time because he was associated with the Ely National Bank. The difficulty there of the Republican party was to get together.

We'd hold a county-wide convention. We'd hold no precinct meetings because there were not enough Republicans to hold precinct meetings. So we'd get together, five or six of us, and designate different people as delegates to the county convention. The county convention would consist of half a dozen or a dozen people in all. Then we'd try to get someone to run for office. All of the offices in the courthouse at the time were held by Democrats and still are. And trying to get someone then for the Republican ticket for the assembly post!

It was rather strange in the county that L. C. Branson, a Republican, had served in the state senate, representing the county, and so had a number of Republicans down through the years. But in the assembly we had difficulty, and so it was trying to get people to run and I first ran; one, merely because I thought I might have a chance, and two, that I wanted to become better acquainted with the county and the people in the county, and it gave me the incentive.

When I ran for the assembly, I had no funds put up by anyone. What little cost I had was the gasoline I'd use on the weekend, Sunday, to campaign and as an innovation, I had my cards that I used to use printed on very fine copper, which would make people stop and look at them because they had never seen cards that way. And, of course, my advertising was run in the paper that I edited and I was careful enough not to give myself too much publicity over the other person, but I never gave myself any bad publicity either.

Having worked for a year in Ruth, and knowing all the miners, having checked them in the mine as timekeeper, and talked with

them and all, they remembered me. And that was my start then, because of the people in Ruth backing me up and getting out and meeting all the different ranch type people and so on.

I used to have to go to the little mines and go down in the buckets or ladders and see what the men were doing down there; in other words, taking a personal interest in what the individual person was doing. It made him feel that you were interested in him, of course, he would be interested in you also. I know that going to the small towns like Lund and Preston, or out in Cherry Creek or out to Baker or Osceola, all the small towns in White Pine County, was difficult for one person.

I had a grand old friend there. His name was Dave Bartley, who was one of the discoverers of the Ruth mine that led to the huge Kennecott properties up there at the present time. He used to go with me and he'd drive the car as I'd walk from place to place, so that I wouldn't have to double back and get the car. Friends like that meant so much in a campaign.

I know it's rather strange looking back that at no time during any of the times that I ran for office on the county level was I ever offered any campaign funds. In fact, I just didn't know what they were. In other words, what little I spent, which was not a great deal, was money of my own. And I didn't need very much. I printed my own placards, my own cards, ran my own advertising; it was probably very simple. I doubt that anyone else could have been in a position of carrying out such, a simple campaign and at such a low cost.

In those days, of course, on the Ely Record, we operated on a six-day week. I mean the men that worked for me, the two printers, were on a forty-four hour week and worked until noon on Saturday. It was necessary for me to keep the office open for the rest of the

afternoon, so actually all I had was a Sunday in which to campaign.

Of course, I had worked at Ruth for nearly a year and knew all the what we call “bohunks,” or foreigners, there, and had worked as timekeeper in what is called the Webb Shaft mine, starting in September of 1928 until May first of 1929. I knew most of the miners and all the people, and it was their support that finally pulled me through on the election.

At that time, Governor Balzar had passed away, and Morley Griswold was the acting governor for the state of Nevada. And at that time, all the state candidates traveled in a group. They came to Ely to hold a big rally in McGill. Now, McGill was the smelting town for the ore that was mined in Ruth. Ely was the business district. And they were to have a big rally in McGill. For the rallies then, they paid the show manager to have a free picture. They’d break the picture in the center, then the screen would go up on the stage, and all of the Republican candidates would be sitting there. They’d be introduced and then they would have the speaking and then continue with the picture. The theater was packed.

I’ll never forget that Morley Griswold was introduced and got up to speak and the crowd started to booing. This was in the days of the big Democratic swing of Franklin D. Roosevelt and so on. In fact, they started throwing things. And here was I, candidate for the assembly on the Republican ticket hoping to get elected, and sitting there where a barrage of stuff is coming out of the crowd and shouts of “Throw him out” as far as Griswold and the party was concerned. They ran down the screen and several of the sheriff’s deputies helped us get out through the back door.

I went back to Ely that night completely crushed. I could see no hope for the Republican party. Well, as it turned out, there was no hope

in the state of Nevada for the Republican party. However, when the votes were cast, and counted the day of the election, up until about nine o’clock in the morning I was behind. But then the votes came from Ruth where I was timekeeper at the mine and knew all the miners and the families. The fellows we called the “bohunks” who lived up the canyon were true friends. I found that I was elected the fourth man on the list of four, by victory margin of thirty votes.

John Sherwood, who was the labor leader in McGill, and Joe Cooper, a labor leader and old railroad man in Ruth, were named on the ticket and Mrs. Crier, who had worked for years at J. C. Penney store in Ely and who knew people from all over the county. All three, of course, were Democrats. Now that was my first wings as far as politics was concerned.

On leaving for the state legislature, I recall that in 1935, January 20, I had a Plymouth car, and a young lady of the old McGill family who wanted a ride to Reno. The roads were, although paved at that time a certain extent, they still were not too good. I remember being stuck in a snowdrift for about three or four hours ’til some highway equipment came along and pulled us out.

At that time, the Golden Hotel in Reno offered rates to the legislators. It was the meeting place of politics in Nevada. I stayed there for the first several weeks then moved to Carson City and lived with my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Russell. That was in 1935, and nine years ago I purchased that house from my uncle, and right now it is my present home. It seems rather odd, or a coincidence, I guess you would call it.

Going to Carson City, Carson was new to me. I found there were very few members of the Republican party; ten in the Assembly, and both houses were controlled

by the Democratic party. Richard Kirman had been elected as the governor of the state of Nevada, and was the governor at that time. William Kennett of Tonopah was named the speaker of the house and John Oldham of Elko County was speaker pro tern. Then heading up the Republicans, the leaders were George Hussman of Douglas County and later, in 1937, Doug Tandy of Austin, an old newspaperman. In fact, our numbers were so small that in a way it was a protection in that we did not have the personal conflicts that would sometimes clash between the parties, due to the other party being so dominant.

In the 1935 session of the legislature, I find in referring back that I was undoubtedly one of the very liberal pro-labor members of the legislature. Prior to the time of the legislature, part of our work on the Ely Record was on printing for the Nevada Northern Railroad. And one of the bills I supported in the legislature was the “train limit” bill, which I thought was fair and just, limiting the number of cars, I believe, to seventy at that time. And the big fight was on because the railroads in the state of Nevada at that time were very powerful and had quite a powerful lobby which they maintained at Carson, and a private railroad car in Reno—which I was never invited to.

As I have said, the result of that one activity of mine meant that after the legislature was over, the Nevada Northern Railroad rescinded all the printing that we had been doing for them. And all on account of the fact that I voted for what I thought was right, the “train limit bill.”

Such bills as one that was passed by a twenty-three to six vote in the assembly, which I voted for also, was that it would require all rolling stock of railroads to be serviced and repaired in the state of Nevada, where they had round-houses that were able to do this,

Of course, this was aimed at Sparks—they were to be done in Sparks. Also, it was aimed at Carlin. Sparks for the Southern Pacific, and Carlin for the Western Pacific. And at this day and age, the whole operations in Sparks have been virtually phased out as they have in Carlin. You look back at a time when both were very much railroad towns and were dependent on the railroads. There’s been a complete change and transition in the years from 1935 up to 1966. Incidentally, this bill was tabled in the senate.

Also the Assembly Bill 45 would have provided five dollars for an eight-hour day, or sixty-two and a half cents an hour for men. You can compare that to today, where many of the labor union people are making five dollars an hour, and you can see what has happened. Although this seemed reasonable at the time, this bill was also lost in the senate.

We think in terms now of the control and regulation of firearms. Assembly Bill 77, introduced by Mr. Phillips, then of Washoe County, would have attempted to seek some of the controls that they now have or are still seeking for. And here again, this was in many ways somewhat of a conservative measure, because it dealt with safety. The firearms would be prohibited to those who had been felons or had not been used to carrying them, and so on. This again was tabled in the senate.

Then too, there was the bill introduced by Mr. Sherwood, which is Assembly Bill 103; that was by Sherwood and Arnold. It would have increased the compensation for injured workmen, and this was to be applied as to the increases in benefits to be paid by the Nevada Industrial Commission. And this fight, of course, went on for years. At the present time it’s very comprehensive and in those days it was very long. And while this passed the assembly twenty-seven to seven, it was defeated in the senate.

Also I was in favor of the forty-day session, holding that it would save money. At that time, several of us were exploring the Nebraska system of the unicameral legislature; the possibility of the one-house legislature, thinking that it would be better, saving money and so on. But, of course, both then and in years later, you run into the old check-and-balance system, which was shown very clearly in the Nevada state legislature for many years. The one house has been Democratic by nature, and the other has been Republican. And in turn, the governor gives a check-and-balance system to the state of Nevada, which possibly is, as I look back now, much better than the unicameral system, although I was very much in favor of it at that time.

I was named on the education committee, the internal improvement committee, state prison and insane asylum committee. I'd always been interested in education, having taught school at one time, and it seemed to me the development of any young people of the state, as well as building on a sound basis in the future meant the development of education. And I was interested very much in the state asylum and spent numerous visits over there and also to the state prison.

I believe that the committee I was on was somewhat instrumental at that time in some of the changes that were made, but realizing, of course, that back thirty-one years ago that the attitude towards the asylums and the prisons were not what they are now. In other words, they were corrective institutions where people were held when they were incapable of living with society whether they were crazy, or sick, or criminals, as such. And also, it must be remembered too, that at that time that not nearly the numbers of people were sent to the institutions. In other words, down through the years there's been a more lax approach as

to people getting into asylums. Many people have sent those who are senile and otherwise ill there.

Also, of course, one of the big issues was the Boulder Dam power. And this was to plague me for many years, as to whether the three hundred thousand dollars that was finally allocated by the state as money coming from the power should go to the state, generally, or should go to Clark County. In those early years with the legislature, '35, '37, '39, this was a great deal of money as far as the state of Nevada was concerned. Clark County contended that they should receive the money in lieu of taxes. And I consistently held that the money should go to the state of Nevada, and in this way they would receive their proportionate share in that it relieved the people of that amount of tax burden.

I can also recall being on the state mental hospital board. A very close friend of mine, J. E. Horgan was on it. We talked in the 1933 session about the ideas of a possibility of sterilization of defectives. In other words, if you had the inherited tendency of either of the criminal or of the insane, it might pay, in turn, to go into sterilization. That, of course, would happen after he had been committed to the prison or to the asylum many times. I was quite naive on this, and I ran into the fact that there are certain religions that are very much opposed to this, and we could get nowhere with it.

Bill Kennett had been elected as speaker, and in the 1935 session, in the Nevada state senate, we had L. C. Branson, an old newspaperman who had been Alaska, and who had been in Nye County in the early days and had come to White Pine County, attempted to set up a newspaper there and never had. Branson was a Republican, and a very peculiar man, and a very debatable man. And he carried on some feuds with numerous

members of the senate, and was very difficult to work with. Kennett was at one time Clerk of the Supreme Court until defeated by Mrs. Eva Hatton.

I cited the various bills to show what we called the "bull block" in the Senate, composed of John E. Robbins of Elko, now deceased, who was a very fine lawyer, very fine friend of mine, in fact our family lawyer. He nevertheless represented the railroads in the legislature. Then there was Bill Dressler, a wealthy rancher from Minden, who was very ultra-conservative and wanted the state to do nothing that would further any programs in the state. Then there was Senator Miller from Mineral County, John Miller, who sided in with them. The three of them formed what we call the bulk of the "bull block" which enabled some of the senators from what we call now the "cow counties" to either table or defeat liberal measures, and which through the period of time have come into being. I was just born thirty years too soon.

Also it must be remembered that the Depression and the closing of the banks hit Nevada in 1933. The Wingfield banks went under, and many of the ranchers had been forced to sell. Everything was at low ebb in the state. And this 1935 legislature came at the time when there were cutbacks all over the state in spending. And I recall one bill at the time was the nepotism bill which we now have, which would prohibit any person in state government from hiring anyone into the third consanguinity. That was aimed at the fact then that married women, especially, or children of elected officials, should not be permitted to work in the state government. We found the same thing in the schools at that time. And then there was the feeling that American women should not be hired if their husband had a paying job.

Now I went through this period in Ely in '33 and '34, when the mines were shut down or working only a third to half-time basis in which the conditions were very bad. And this reflected all over the state. And you could see it somewhat in the actions of the legislature in 1935. One example, perhaps, was the attempt to increase the limit of five dollars for an eight hour day.

And then, of course, there was a move then to some way to search for additional funds. Now we hear of people advocating the inheritance tax law for the state of Nevada, stating that it wouldn't cost residents too much, because the amount they pay the state would be deducted from the amount they would have to pay under the federal law. And yet, strangely enough, back in 1935, such a law was introduced in the Nevada state legislature in the assembly and was passed, and again tabled in the senate. Likewise, the increase of the old-age pension at that time the old people were having a difficult time; and the pension, of course, was very minimum. And this was passed in the assembly again twenty-nine to two, and died in the senate. I voted "Yes" on all of them, and supported them. I am trying to show you that perhaps I was idealistic, but at the same time these are all things that have been moved into the present time, and, of course, greatly expanded even from what they were thought then. But your old diehard people in the state of Nevada didn't realize that some of these things were inevitable, and they were very much against it.

Then there was a tax on retail purchases for certain commodities and services which passed the assembly and was also killed in the senate. Then another bill was to collect income tax from certain other services of local firms and companies, and this likewise died in the senate.

Of course, there was always the fight over where the Motor Vehicle Department should be placed, and who should be placed, and who should run it, and the duties, and so on. I notice that even today that one of the things that Governor Sawyer is asking for additional money for is to expand the Highway Patrol, on account of the number of accidents in the state of Nevada.

As you could see from the vote in the assembly, the assembly was pretty well composed of people who were thinking and planning and trying to get ahead as far as the state is concerned. It shows in the vote, except for Hussman and a few others. Of course, in the senate everything was definitely held in a leash by the senators I have named who—probably justly so in some cases—tried to hold down the expansion of costs and all in the state. Kitman himself was a conservative—I liked the man, he was a very gentle man. He was not a man given to society or to entertainment and things like that. A very conservative chap, but then again, he represented the conservative element within the state of Nevada. I notice there were only two bills that he vetoed, so in turn he was undoubtedly influenced at the time by this group.

George Wingfield had been a power for years within the state. And his main source of contact was John Mueller. John Mueller was always at the session day after day, very seldom in the assembly. He would sit at a desk in a chair in back of where the clique sat in the senate, and was one of the advisers to, and worked with, Dressler and Robbins. Robbins being a Democrat and Dressler and Mueller Republicans, and the senate, of course, was Republican makeup—they were able to just about do what they wanted as far as the senate was concerned. Noble Getchell was a member

of the senate, too, in '35, and he also then was a member of that group.

John Mueller was one of the most effective lobbyists that I have ever seen. They had three, the man from the Southern Pacific, (in later years, Ray Marks had that position), and then the man from the Bell Telephone Company, whose name I also have forgotten. I would say that they were the three principal men who had probably more influence than anyone else in the legislature during that time.

As to the techniques of lobbyists, they would have parties and different things, but it was largely persuasive. I mean, whenever you have an attorney in any legislative body, you don't know whether he's getting paid by companies he may represent or not. Nevada was much smaller at that time because, we are going back to the days of Balzar, and this was immediately thereafter. Balzar's slogan was "One square man for every square mile." There was a hundred and ten thousand square miles in Nevada and roughly a hundred and ten thousand people at that time. So that I think Dressler represented the ranching groups, Getchell being tied in with Wingfield and the Getchell Mine and other things, and Wingfield had the Riverside Hotel. Wingfield at that time was very close to Graham and McKay, who were the big gamblers in Reno. There had been a friendship of years. So you had a small group, in other words, who represented most of the interests in the state of Nevada and had power enough to control. And, of course, Dressler was a wealthy man, and Getchell—everybody thought he was wealthy at the time. John Miller, Senator Miller, was very close to the group. John Robbins was the most influential, I would say, citizen in Elko County, at one time was connected with Joe MacNamara. MacNamara was a brilliant attorney who allowed liquor,

frankly, to get the best of him. He himself had done great things and when he was in with Robbins, they formed a very powerful combination. Mae MacNamara, Joel's sister, was the postmistress in Elko County for many, many years.

Wingfield worked very closely also with a man by the name of Mark Bradshaw. Now Bradshaw was an old mining man in Tonopah, Nevada, and in the early days was distinctly a power in that community. What they used to do in the conventions was that Mark Bradshaw would either be chairman pro tem or be elected chairman of the Republican party. In fact, the so-called Wingfield group controlled the state conventions for a number of years. However, in 1935, John R. Ross, who was, I would call not exactly a liberal, but a middle-of-the-roader, was named as state chairman.

At one time in the history of the state of Nevada, for instance, the Southern Pacific maintained quite a lobbyist set-up. It was either in '35, or '37, along through there. They'd even have a railroad car parked in Reno, and entertain various members of the legislature. In fact, they carried quite a bit of weight in the state of Nevada. The drive then was the unions trying to work on the train limit bill, and full crew bills, and on taxation and the like, the running battle brought about largely by development of trucking, and better highways, and so on.

Then I can recall that during the time that in some of the smaller counties, attacks were being made on the chain stores that had started to develop in the state of Nevada. At several times, bills were introduced into the legislature to attempt to curb the growth and all of the chain store system in the state.

At one time there were several of those members who were in the legislature who were attorneys. I can remember one especially,

Julian Thurston of Lincoln County, who had introduced legislation against the chain stores. It grew so bitter that when he was outside the assembly at one time, we moved and defeated a bill that he was interested in, in order to get it out of the way to stop the confusion that was resulting.

The lobbyists became such a force through entertainment—used to be the dinners, Of course, no liquor was ever allowed in the state capitol building, so the entertainment was all done outside of the state building. Trying to bring pressure through friends or politics—I can't say definitely whether what we term as pay-offs occurred or not. I don't know, because I was never approached personally on any pay-offs. But I do know that the people used to come over with what they called their "little black bags," and try to sway votes one way or another.

In the gambling interests, they were thinking more liberal divorce laws, of not having premarital examinations. They figured on Nevada drawing in people for the divorces, drawing in people for the marriages. You couldn't compare it at all with what took place in later years. I mean their lobbyists were not lobbyists as such.

When I went into the assembly in 1935 and '37, George Hussman and Doug Tandy were probably the two outstanding members of the assembly. Hussman sat back in a corner. He had a game leg, and walked with a limp. He sort of worked as a check and balance on the Democrats within the assembly. He was the recognized leader of the Republicans. He was floor man for the Republicans, and would watch things that came up and was sort of a liaison between the group that I told you about in the senate and in the assembly. He was well-liked. He used to put on a big party at his ranch every year for most of the assembly. He carried quite a bit of respect and was very

able. He had been in the legislature for years, and was considered one of the old block of the ultraconservative group.

Turning to 1937, having served the one term—actually, it gets somewhat in your blood—in 1936 I filed again for the legislature, and was elected—this time leading the ticket. Clyde Souter was the Republican state chairman at that time, returning power back to the Wingfield group. R. N. Gibson, a Republican was elected to the state senator from White Pine; he was a labor man from Ruth, and later became head of the Industrial Commission in Nevada.

At that time, of course, in '36, Ed Peterson, who had been state controller, had run against Scrugham and was defeated. And I ran on my own record of support for mining, ranching, and labor. I had great support among the labor people at that time, and frankly, the treatment that I had from the Nevada Northern Railroad contributed quite a bit in my leading the ticket.

The 1937 session again, of course, turned to the need of more state money. The proposal was made for a constitutional amendment which would permit lotteries to operate in the state of Nevada. And on this I voted "No." I figured, one, at that time we have gambling in the state; and two, the federal government would not permit the sale of lottery tickets outside of Nevada, because they would go through the mails, and would bring us into a peculiar position as far as the federal government was concerned. And I note even now that thirty years later, there are proposals that we have a state lottery. In fact, this has come up year after year—a lottery as a special revenue. Also, the thirty-day divorce law was introduced, which I voted against. I believe it passed, because we have now a six weeks divorce law. Again, I felt that it was a little bit too lenient at the time. Of course, the

times and morals and so on of people change through the years. I hear rumors now that they'd like to reduce the divorce law from six weeks to probably four or so, because several states and the Virgin Islands have laws that require a lesser time. Nevadans had always felt that this was one of their sources of income, and for years was one of the ways of bringing people here to Nevada to spend their money while they remained for a divorce.

The thirty-days divorce law, which I opposed, really caused me some grief, because in Nevada the movement was on to liberalize the divorce laws. And any time a person will attempt to do that, the hotels, the gambling interests would sit down on it. I recall that later on, I had a bill drafted to—this was when I was in the senate—require premarital examinations—in other words, a two or three day waiting time on marriages—which I never introduced because the pressure group became so violently opposed to it that I was never able to introduce the bill.

Again, you have the complaints on lobbyists, and personal vendettas that crop up. I remember in 1937, an incident that took place, showed the temper of the times, was that Fred Phillips was then, as in '35, an assemblyman from White Pine County. Mrs. Walsh, who was the widow of Judge Emmett Walsh, was seeking to have a pension passed by the legislature for her. She haunted the legislature. I remember Fred Phillips getting up and demanding that she be removed from the floor, which nearly led into an altercation. But there again, the assemblymen were tired of being high-pressured by people, and tempers flared at times.

In this session I was on the fish and game committee, the judiciary, the mines and mining, public lands, and highways, and state publicity. Some of the bills that I supported were the food sanitation bill which passed the

assembly, again the minimum wage bill, and the fish and game bills. Then one of the debates I took part in was on the joint resolution, a memorial to Congress by the assembly and the senate asking that a four cent excise tax be placed on copper being brought into the United States. This, again, goes back to the old protective tariff system. At that time, the copper mining was at a low ebb, and we had surpluses, as compared to today, where copper is on the world market— thirty-six cents in the United States and forty-two cents in Chile—and is one of the scarcest of items—just the opposite of what it was in 1937.

Again I supported the school bill, and also a bill for the regulation of aeronautics in Nevada, where it would be uniform with the federal law. Back in those days, prior to the time when I was married, I used to fly a light plane. I never had money enough to own one, but I took lessons in Ely, and used to go out in the mornings sometimes early, five-thirty or six, and fly a small plane for a short time.

Then too, I supported a licensing and taxing bill on itinerant merchants. Now this may sound strange, but we were still in the days towards the end of the Depression where people would go into the town from house to house with merchandise and produce and so on, and they were cutting in on the regular merchants who were having a hard time. The bill, we thought, would protect them.

Then there was the bill on desert flora which we still have that forbids the cutting and picking or destroying of wild flowers, the cacti, and other desert plants.

And then the bill to the aid of dependent children. Now I supported this year after year for a number of years, and I advocated it again when I went in as governor and finally had it passed. And it took, actually, from that time in '37 until the time it was passed to orient the Nevada people as to the need of the bill. And

Nevada, incidentally, was one of the last states to adopt the measure. We also had a debate on ratification of the child labor amendment in that session.

In 1938, I ran again for the legislature in White Pine County and the bet in the county then was that I would lead the ticket, or William Fisher would lead the ticket, and I came out ahead on it. And this was the time that Tasker L. Oddie ran against McCarran for the United States Senator and McCarran was elected. McCarran had defeated Oddie in 1932, and Scrugham was elected over Harry Stewart for Congress. Ted Carville, who I had known from the time I was a boy, was an attorney in Elko, and later became a U. S. attorney for the state of Nevada, ran against John Fulton on the Republican ticket for governor and Carville was elected. I was always very fond of, and worked very closely with Ted Carville. Even up to the time he died, he remained one of my good friends.

Berkeley Bunker was named as speaker of the assembly. He was one of the young Mormon leaders out of Clark County, who went on to be appointed later as United States Senator at the death of Key Pittman, and then was defeated by Scrugham, and then in turn was elected as representative to Congress. More about that later.

In the 1939 session, it was kind of a quandary for me in some respects because in 1938, I had met my present wife, Marjorie Guild. She came to Ruth to teach school, resigned in January, and came to Carson City. Again I was staying at my uncle George Russell's, and her father had purchased the old Lee house which was next door to the house where I was staying. And although, back in 1937 during the legislature, I had never met Marjorie, who was at Mills College at the time, I had met with her father. In 1938, when she came to Ruth, we decided to get married when

the legislature was over. So my time was spent between getting ready for a wedding, which was to be held at the end of the session, and performing my legislative duties.

In '39, I was named on the education committee, public works, printing, and the all-powerful ways and means committee and on the state prison committee. Here again the Democrats, as in the '35, '37, and '39 sessions, outnumbered the Republicans. And in the three sessions, in order to get along, a person had to sort of roll with the punches at times. In other words, you couldn't be a fighting minority and get anything done. In fact, in this session my engagement was announced in the legislative session and also in the "third house," which they used to have, going back to Mark Twain days. I was made the butt of much of the entertainment at that time, much to my embarrassment.

They had an investigation at the University of Nevada of which I was not on the committee. But there again, the University has always been the butt of investigations down through the years. I mean because the cost, and how it's run, and so on.

And again they brought up the legalization of lotteries, which failed. Also, the attempt to have union dues on payrolls deducted which was defeated. This was called the "check off" bill. Also I fought against the increase in the cigarette tax bill.

Of course, I was a pretty heavy smoker about that time, which may have had some bearing on it;

I don't know.

In those early days, there was a continued fight by the unions.

The train limit bill, of course, what we'd call the "check off" bill, and the "collar to collar" bill. The "check off" was an aid to unions in collecting.

And the "collar to collar" bill was that their eight hour day would start from their place of work,

not, for instance, where they got a tramway or bus to travel to the point of work.

Of course, I supported all of these.

I again supported the bills for public schools and the bills for increase in old age assistance, which again in '39 was not released by the senate.

I'm trying to recall incidents, it's a little difficult after twenty-seven years. My father-in-law was district judge in Carson City at the time, so much of the social activity would hinge about the coming wedding and parties and so on.

And I remember that Harley A. Harmon and his wife, Veronica, were wonderful to us. And there's a story in back of that.

Harley Harmon had sought, unsuccessfully, the Democratic nomination for governor.

I had supported Ted Carville for the nomination at that time.

And the Harley Harmon had every right to hold animosity against me.

The man was big enough to overlook it. He was later the head of the Nevada Industrial Commission.

After we were married and had our first child, Harley used to come to Ely and come out to our house.

He had a big old watch, and he used to get down on the floor and play with our son Clark, who was then probably a year old or so, and he would give Clark this big watch to play with. There's no other person that I know of that would be as friendly and as nice, and later became such a fine friend as Harley A. Harmon, after this other episode.

A session went over several days. Our wedding was planned for March the

nineteenth. I'll never forget it, because there was the long list of guests—mostly from my wife's side of the family—and we were going to be married in the Presbyterian church by a Methodist minister. Although I was Episcopalian, we decided that would work out better. So we made plans for the wedding to be held on the nineteenth. The wedding was supposed to be held in the afternoon, and we were going to leave then on a honeymoon, on a trip to Mexico City, driving down. However, the session didn't get over until four o'clock in the morning of the nineteenth. And by the time I had a couple hours sleep, and then had to get dressed for the wedding and everything, I was completely run down, I guess. We were married, and had a big reception.

My wife and I started off on our honeymoon, and we were going to spend the first night in Minden, at the Minden Inn, which was still then one of the supposedly finer places. As I remember, we got in, it was about seven o'clock, and both of us starved. We found that the dining room was closed so we thought, "Well, what shall we do?" And we decided to stop in the bar, maybe, and have one drink. We walked into the bar, and there was a woman who had not been invited to the party with a group of friends. She immediately got ahold of my wife, and started crying, and said, "I was one of your mother's best friends, and you didn't invite us to the wedding!" So we had a rather hectic half hour before we could get away.

It was in 1939 that my wife and I were on our honeymoon when we turned on the radio in the car and listened to the turmoil that started to take place in Europe. I don't think there was so much that early. As you recall, Chamberlain had been to Germany and had come back and stated that there would be no war, and that everything was pretty well in hand. That was prior to the time, of course,

that Germany had invaded Poland, which they did rather dramatically. Of course, in those early days, at times we talked in terms of Hitlerism and fascism and so on. Many people were divided whether it would be better that Hitler came to power, or whether that Russia would move in and become a power within Germany. So I don't think it was until several months after the legislature that the full impact of the European situation hit the American people.

After having served three terms, or six years, in the Nevada state assembly, in 1940 I decided to run for state senator, which I did, and was easily elected. In that session of 1941, which was the fortieth session, H. C. Heidtman, a Republican of Reno, was elected president pro tempore and, of course, Lieutenant Governor Sullivan presided over the senate. I was named on the following committees: state affairs, elections, printing, roads and internal improvements, engrossed bills, judiciary, state prison, and house bills. During the session, I introduced a number of bills, one of which would regulate the state Dental Association, would provide for better education to be admitted to the association.

Again, I was instrumental in working for the old age assistance, in this case joining with ten other senators to change some of the provisions of the existing law. And during this session, I introduced a bill which would allow public hospitals to levy taxes and issue bonds; in other words, it was aimed at upgrading, or rather allowing the counties to establish these public hospitals and upgrade them, and give them the means of support for the same.

Also, I introduced Senate Bill 32, which would allow the counties to set the speed limit within their own counties. This came after the friction as to what the speed limit should be. A situation that has been all over the

state of Nevada for years was that we should help pass what should the speed limit be on the highways. Nevada, notably, has been one of the states that have practically unlimited speed limits in most of the stretches of road that do not go through communities. Of course, a person can be arrested for negligent driving, but there is no speed limit as such.

Interestingly enough, I also introduced Senate Bill 81, which would create a civil service or personnel department in the state of Nevada. And this is interesting, of course, because this was 1941. Later, when I became governor of the state of Nevada I asked for a personnel act. I will discuss this more later. I refer back to this because this was in 1941, and yet making the move then, it was not until 1953, or twelve years later, that the state of Nevada had a personnel act.

The thing opposed to it then was the party in power, of course, happened to be the Democratic party, although the senate itself had a Republican majority, the house was Democratic, but the old tradition was that in the change of party, the parties should be able to keep in who they want, logrolling as to names, and so on. And in a personnel act, of course, all those except department heads, or sometimes deputy heads, come under the act and are protected.

I think there've been two cases in the last several years that bore this out; that is, where people have been fired—presumably for political reasons—and had to take it to the courts. They have been reinstated under the provisions of the personnel act.

I was also instrumental in introducing some fish and game bills, having always been interested in this program as such, for the sportsman.

During the session, one of my good friends was Archie Grant, who was state senator from Clark County.

It was during this time that the Clark County delegation was attempting to force through the state legislature a bill—we were concerned with what was—let me go back a little bit.

In 1935, then known as Boulder Dam, later changed to Hoover Dam. There's a story behind that. Nevada was allocated a direct grant of approximately three hundred thousand dollars a year. Now Clark County held—and it had justification—that all of the major part of this should go to Clark County in lieu of taxes which, of course, could not be charged under the federal facility. But at this time, we still had a carryover at the edge of the Depression where money was rather tight within the state of Nevada. And several of us who were from the smaller, so-called “cow counties” held that this should go into the general fund and benefit the entire state of Nevada. And so it was that we fought it out with Mr. Grant, and, of course, we won by a majority of numbers. Had it been under the reapportionment bill, which went into effect this year, of course, it might have been a little different story. I will tell later the rest of the story in back of the Boulder-Hoover Dam.

I don't recall anything else too exciting of the 1941 session. It seemed I was always connected family-wise with the session in some way, because, as previously stated, I was married after the 1939 session, and my mother passed away in Oakland, California, during the 1941 session. So that meant, in turn, that I missed approximately two weeks of the session due to her sudden illness and death.

By 1943, of course, I was still a holdover senator, and Vail Pittman had been named as lieutenant governor in the 1942 election, and presided over the senate. A. V. Tallman was still a member, and Ken Johnson was the new member from Ormsby County taking

the place of Ira Winters. And some of the younger blood decided that they wanted a new president pro tempore, or pro tem as it is commonly called, and approached me. The result of that was that I was named the president pro tem of the 1943 session. At that time, I was placed on the judiciary, labor, printing, rules, state hospital, and prison committees.

At that time, too, I was very closely associated with James Farndale, a labor leader from Clark County who had taken the place of Archie Grant. We two formed a very close friendship which existed for years. He was, in my opinion, one of the finest labor men that we ever had in the state legislature. I think one of the hardest things that I had to do during the session, doing right in my own mind, was again to vote against the three hundred thousand dollars for Clark County. That came up, because all during the session you'll note that when bills aimed at helping people were introduced, it was either by Farndale and Russell or Russell and Farndale.

One of the acts that I was very much interested in was that Rene Lemaire (the senator from Lander County and he was still in the senate from there until the reapportionment) along with Jack Robbins, who was the Democratic leader in the senate from Elko County, and I introduced the first Civil Air Patrol bill, and asked for an appropriation. This stems from the fact that Lemaire used to own and fly a plane. I used to fly a light plane also, until I got married and couldn't afford to do it any further. We were very interested in aviation, and the bill passed. Then also during the session, you'd find this time Russell and Farndale extending the assistance and care for TB victims within the state, and it was passed. Then again was the introduction and working for the aid to dependent children. This I covered

before, but nevertheless it was the consistent pounding that probably ultimately resulted in it being passed. Then you find Senate Bill 106, Farndale and Russell setting up a veterans service foreign aid committee, and providing for a state council of civilian defense. Of course, this was not too popular at that time but later, especially with the advent of the atomic bomb and so on, Nevada, as well as other states, set up similar civilian defense programs.

Then a bill which was somewhat local was Senate Bill 117, which allowed the board of trustees to enter into a contract to receive school funds from adjacent states. This meant that some schools along the edges of Nevada could take in Utah students, for instance. And through such an act then, fees could be paid by the districts in Utah. This was a little move towards the possibility of consolidation of students in a district.

Then two other bills were introduced by Farndale and Russell. One was relative to the Nevada Industrial Commission, to increase the revenue to the recipients. The other was the famous silicosis bill, where we were trying to have written into the law the inclusion of silicosis as an occupational disease—as caused by the silicate in the mining—under which they would have benefits. And this for several years, of course, was debated hot and heavy. I was very pleased in time to see that this was adopted and became part of the law.

I recall even in Ely as a young chap, of course, I voted in the assembly several times for water on the drills, and so on, to allay the dust in the mines. We go back to what they call the "Delamar dust." The Delamar mine, long extinct now, but in Lincoln County, was where most of the miners who had worked for a number of years developed silicosis. Or in others, smaller mines, too, where they weren't protected. The silicon, being a common

material in rock and dirt and so on, when breathed in by the people, forms a coating on the lungs—the only part you'd use—and usually results in what is commonly termed as miner's consumption.

The opposition on the silicosis bill came from the mine companies themselves, because the rate of payment that they would have to make on the industrial insurance is prorated back to them, industry-wide, as to the amount that is paid out. That's one. And at first the statement was made that they would have to physically examine every person that worked in the mines. That meant many old miners who had no other mode of living, if they were examined and thrown out for having a certain degree of lung congestion and coating, would not be able to earn a livelihood. And it was based on those two things largely—the cost of examination, and the presumptive thought that their premiums would increase to the point of causing hardships in some cases.

They (the mine owners) always had lobbyists, and of course, they were the people to appear before the committee. The Nevada Mine Owners Association has been one of the most effective operating groups in the state of Nevada, industry-wide, for many years. The headquarters are in Reno. At that time, for years, the man who was around the legislature representing them was Henry Reeves. He passed away, I believe, back in 1952 or 3. After that time, Louis Gordon took his place. Louis was an old-time mining man in the state of Nevada. He held that until about 1964 when he passed away. At the present time, I'm talking about the executive secretaries now, is Paul Gemmill, who for many years was associated with the Combine Metals in Lincoln County. I point this out to show you that the continuity and the people who took part in it.

Naturally, no bill as first drawn is too good, and it took a number of years to finally

pass the bill to where it was acceptable to the mining industry. But, of course, once it has been done, it becomes a mode of operation and antagonism against it fades. It's just like the mine safety factors. And frankly, most mines will look largely to the safety of their own people, because this is an economic factor. This became so as far as the silicosis bill was concerned.

Henry Reeves was a sort of roly-poly man who, if crossed, became very red-faced. He always wanted the best of things for himself, and he held his position as being very exalted. During the time that he was secretary of the state Mining Association, he also served on the Nevada State Tax Commission, representative of mining. When Henry Reeves served as a representative on the Nevada State Tax Commission which in these years, going back to the 'forties and the early 'fifties, it was the committee that had charge of the regulation of gambling. So Henry Reeves was one of those that frankly felt his own power somewhat. In approaching legislators, he was more the kind that said, "Well you do this, or else," rather than the conciliatory type.

He was later replaced by Louis Gordon who became one of my closest friends, who had been in mining and had a placer claim, I believe it was in Manhattan, Nevada. Gordon was a man who had also been in Tonopah in the early days, who probably made and lost two different fortunes. At the time of his death, Louis had to rely upon his position with the state Mine Association, frankly, for a livelihood. Everybody liked him; he'd get mad and rile you at times, but his approach was rather pleasing, I guess you'd call it. He was a hard man to define, except those who liked him, liked him very much.

At the time that the vacancy by the death of Henry Reeves occurred on the Nevada State Tax Commission, I did not know Louis

Gordon too well. I was the governor, and trying to find someone who I thought would fill the position adequately. I had appointed Walter Larsh, who was a retired general manager of the Nevada division of Kennecott Corporation. He was living in Carson City, and proved to be a very fine man. Louis Gordon had every right then to be rather put out with me, but the appointment was approved by the Association, and in later years, Louis and I became the closest of friends.

It's a little out of line of the continuity here, but when I went out of office in 1959, January the fifth to be exact, I didn't know what I was going to do. I bought the house in Carson, remodeling it. Louis Gordon came to me and said that the mercury group, quicksilver producers, wanted to send someone back to Washington, D. C., to do a little exploratory work on quicksilver. Nevada was the second largest producer of quicksilver, and at that time the price level was around seventy-seven dollars or eighty dollars. And Sam Williston, who was a brother-in-law of Joe Pugh of the oil interests, and who lived in Palo Alto, California, was the president of this association. So they offered me a thousand dollars a month and all expenses, if I would spend two to three months in Washington making a rundown on this. They were seriously worried. With mercury, you have to go back to 1949, which was a time of change. During World War II, Spain and Italy through their cartels controlled the price of mercury, as far as the world was concerned. And they had, prior to that time, dumped quite a bit on the market, forced down the price, and closed the mines in Nevada.

In 1949-50, however, the cartel, Spain and Italy, split up. In other words, they were no longer pooling their resources of mercury or controlling the world price. And both

countries put a rather high export duty on their own mercury. In other words, if you were mining mercury, you would have to pay so much a flask to your local government, and that would be tacked on any of those exports. And so that had brought the mercury production back in the United States.

Both the producers were worried, because they could, through government figures on most metals, fairly accurately determine how much was being produced and how much was going into different industries or stockpiling. Then what is there—plus or minus the production at the end of the year—could be added to other amounts that were held in reserve.

But in the case of mercury, they ran up against a stone wall. In other words, they knew so much being produced in the United States, they knew so much was being imported from the two European countries, but they couldn't get the figure as to why there was a shortage and what was the consumptive use. So I went back to Washington. I wrote a paper reporting on that which has turned out to be very authentic. I won't go into too much on that, then. I found out that mercury was being used as a volatile substance in the atomic power; in other words, it vaporizes quicker than any other minerals that can be used. Also then I ran into working through people in the Interior Department, and all, I came up to the Defense Department. I was frankly told to lay off. Of course, my only assumption then was at that time that they were using quantities of mercury as a catalytic agent in some experimentation on liquid fuel power for rockets.

And that is only an assumption.

Paul Gemmill was of an old family. There were two brothers, Paul and David Gemmill, that had a mine operation next to Combine Metals in Pioche. And Paul had worked for the Snyder interests there during the time that

the Combine Metals was going so strongly. There was a lead-zinc operation. They are closed down, I understand, except for their perlite operation.

When Louis Gordon passed away, they brought Paul, who was a mining engineer, into Nevada, into Reno to take Lou Gordon's place. He is a very polite man, a very fine chap. Of course, I've had no dealings with him the last two years since that took place.

I think I've talked somewhat of what we call the "bull bloc" and so on, but I will tell about some of the other senators during my time there. Going back to 1941, Ralph Lattin was in from Churchill County. Ralph was a farmer, a World War I veteran. He had a temper. He was always looking out for what he called "my folk;" in other words, the characteristic of his speech was his "now my folk want this," and "my folk want that." He was entirely honest, and I think, although sometimes a little erratic, a very fine member of the legislature. Of course, he was always interested in the smaller people, if you want to call it that, the agriculture people.

I've touched on Archie Grant, who was a Ford dealer in Clark County. Somewhat conservative, yet a man who, I think, had done a tremendous amount of good for Clark County. He's been interested in the housing there, the homes for the people that don't have much money, where the elderly can go. He had, to me, been a very outstanding man. He and his wife have no children. Sometimes he would appear to be a little bit abrupt in the light, but in the background, he has been a very fine man for the state. At one time, and even during part of my administration, he served on the state planning board, and was chairman of the board. And then, of course, in 1954, he ran for governor of the state of Nevada and was defeated by Vail Pittman in the primary. I will tell more of that later. Then

he served as chairman of the board of regents at the University for many years.

Bill Dressler, I've talked about before. He was the staunch old right-wing rancher from Douglas County, who, with John Robbins (who incidentally represented some of the railroad interests), made between the two of them the leading Republican and the leading Democrat.

Incidentally, all the time that I was in the state senate, even with the Republicans, the party, they recognized John Robbins so much that he had the referral of most of the bills to committee, or things like that, at all sessions. He was very well thought of.

Harry DeVotie and H. A. Modarelli—DeVotie from Esmeralda, and Modarelli from Eureka—I would say would be the run-of-the-mill people. DeVotie was sort of half lost. A. V. Tallman, who served in the senate for a number of years, had, as a former rancher, former gasoline distributor in Winnemucca, quite a background. He was a very able man, a man who, if I recall rightly, ran for governor in 1946. One of these kind of cadaverous men who, when he leaned over, you felt you were being all embraced by you didn't know what. A very able legislator.

And of course, Noble H. Getchell of Battle Mountain, of whom much has been said, who was a part owner of the Wingfield and Getchell mine, was a good, conservative legislator. James A. Wadsworth of Lincoln County, who is still living, was a kindly man. Some of the others, you'd say whether you're Republican or Democrat, you didn't mean it exactly that way, you meant they belonged to the party, but their sympathies might coincide with others. But with Wadsworth, a good man, always a good party man, if you know what I mean.

Then, you have Walter Cox from Lyon County, newspaper man, jumpy, but sound.

Walter always used to clown a lot, but underneath, he was quite conservative. It was during these years that he introduced legislation that led to the earmarking of several million dollars that would be put away, not to be used until after the war was over, so Nevada would have some money for building.

John H. Miller, who died early in 1941 session, was an able man, a member of what we called the "bull bloc," I knew him slightly. His place was taken by James Caughman, who I never did get to know too much.

Then of course, C. F. Wittenberg of Nye County was an old line family, Wittenberg family, been there for years, ranching and mining, Democrat, and a very good legislator.

R. L. Winters, a member of the old Winters family. His grandfather ran for governor at one time.

Winters was not a happy-appearing man.

A very serious type, a man who was a power at that time in Ormsby County, and I would say a good legislator, conservative.

Leslie F. Kofoed from Lovelock, was, like I was, a young new senator, capable.

He had gone on to be one of the head men in the personnel department of Harold's Club.

Will Cobb, who had been everything, a miner, sheriff of Storey County, county commissioner, and I don't know what else. Still living I believe. He was the one of the strong proponents for the labor people.

Strangely enough, in many cases he was stronger for things than some of the, what we call the big labor people.

Will was always for the small person that needed help and, frankly, in many ways, he belonged to that type. I mean he goes from one thing to another, and is always helping other people.

Then of course, there was Heidtman, who was a car dealer in Reno at the time.

He was stable, conservative, well thought of, because he at one time was president pro tem of the senate. And, of course, we wind up with Mr. Russell from White Pine County.

When I say a good legislator, I don't mean that he believes with me. What I mean is that the man is sincere in his belief, and he does things out of his belief, in sincerity. I know that many times, for instance, I have crossed with Bill Dressler or John Robbins or some of them who felt I was a sort of a "will o' the wisp" kid who was probably a half a liberal, and yet I had great admiration for them because they were mainly sincere in their beliefs. And then, too, the senate in those days differed from the assembly. Usually, they got together, either in caucus or in groups. And if you'll notice in going through the bills, the vote in most of them are all in favor. In other words, the bills they want to kill are held to the committees or devious ways. See, they work out "compromises," and you don't get into as many floor fights or actions as you do in the assembly.

Did we have lobbyists who caused trouble? In the senate, no, not as much as the assembly because, as I said, you always found John Mueller sitting in the senate with Robbins and Dressler. You found such people as Henry Reeves, and often Howard Gray, who was an attorney for Kennecott, and who was then living in Ely, would be over. The banks at the time were not too concerned, but then you'd always have representatives of the cosmetologists, doctors and dentists, and so on. I mean they would come over. You see, these groups are always protective. In other words, they want to build up two ways; one is to protect the residents of the state of Nevada as far as sanitary conditions and skilled labor and so on, but then also, they want to protect the members within their own organization.

So characteristically, you go back to barbers, go back to cosmetologists, go to your dentists or doctors; they want bills passed providing that they have to have so much training, pass so many examinations. I think one example was the basic science act that was passed, which at that time the doctors were all for, and many others were against, because it would rule out the many who were attempting to practice medicine in Nevada.

You always had the fight that went on as far as the osteopaths were concerned. The osteopaths, the chiropractors, their friends. I recall one session there where the nature doctors came up in force, and Mr. James Slattery, for instance, took quite a bit of apparent pride in introducing the act. Of course, it didn't get anywhere, because this was to recognize the practice of herbs and other things. So those things were sort of run of the mill of every session. Every group trying to protect themselves, and rightly so. I mean trying to protect the people at the same time.

Wingfield would seldom visit the legislature, but he didn't need to because in those days that I have enumerated here so far. Going back to 1945, that session of the senate, Johnny Mueller was reporting to him all the time.

I remember that when I ran for state senate the second time, I ran without opposition. And so I had the rather unique job, that fall, of the candidates of both parties would get together, and now and then they'd have rallies, and I used to emcee the rallies for both of them, out in the little towns. It was rather a unique experience, and very nice experience.

Now to understand this, we have to go back to the years I served in the assembly and, of course, the first term in the Nevada state senate. I espoused the cause of the working man that had put me in office. I was friendly to

the miners and backed by the union members in White Pine County. In fact, I had some difficulty because at one time some of the officials of the Nevada Northern Railroad, which is a part of Kennecott, had cut down the printing that we were doing, because I had supported some of the union measures in the Nevada state legislature; all of which, of course, is water under the bridge. So when I ran in 1944, I had no opposition from either party. And, of course, in 1943, I had been president pro tem of the Nevada state senate.

I think I generally covered the '45 session by mingling it in with '43. There was the aid of dependent children, civilian defense, and in the '43 session. I spoke in turn of the silicosis and so on, and the school bills that I sponsored, so that I unintentionally sort of commingled the two. But I found in both of them that Farndale and Russell worked together.

On going into the end of '45, I stated that in '41 my mother had passed away, and then it always seemed to me something related to the Russell family during the session. It was during the '45 session that my twin sons were born. I never will forget having to rush—no hospital in Carson—to Reno with one child about half born, and with old Dr. Thom with my wife, and I was following with my father-in-law. At the time, you couldn't get special nurses, and Dr. Paul Wiig, who is still in Reno, was the OB man. We searched all night for special nurses after the babies were born. So you can imagine me being kind of "racked up" there, and going back to the legislature probably two days after, or the next day, and finding that Andy Haight had introduced a resolution in the Nevada state senate whereby the twins—I think this was the only second time in the history of Nevada and only the first time for twins—were named by a signed resolution of the Nevada state senate. So much for a family of five.

To recount all of the incidents, it's difficult. I remember once during the time that I was in the Nevada state legislature, I ran into an open feud with the man who was then justice of the peace of White Pine County, Bill Willis, who is now the county treasurer, over a bill that he wanted passed in the legislature that I was opposed to. Using his right, he summoned me on every coroner's jury that he had for a period of months, which was at first was interesting, but at the same time, interfered somewhat with my work with the paper, and became rather difficult. I was called on several airplane crashes where people were killed, or where men were killed in the mines, and had to investigate it. It carried on until one time they found a skeleton out in the hills and called me in on that, and I refused to go. And after a rather heated discussion between the two of us, We made up our differences and that ended my repeated service as a juror on the coroner's jury.

MY WORK IN THE U. S. CONGRESS

In 1944, Graham Sanford, who was then the editor of the Gazette, sent word over to me about the possibility of running for congressman, as had Noble Getchell and several others. And I studied the world almanac, the swing, the cycle of politics and elections of Nevada and other states, and decided it was not the proper time. In fact, Bill Wright, who later became national committeeman for the Republican party from Deeth, and who some few years ago ran for the United States Senator against Alan Bible on the Republican ticket, came to Deeth and we talked about running. And I told Bill I did not think it was in the cards at that time. That was in 1944.*

In 1946, I attended the Republican state convention in Elko, and announced then that I was going to run for Congress. Now, there was a personal reason behind this also. In my thinking and calculations based on cycles and terms and politics throughout the country, I figured that if there was a chance, the year 1946 would be the year to take a chance at it. Then, too, as I stated, I was a partner in the Ely Record.

Mr. Chapin, who was my uncle by marriage, had retired and was living in Palo Alto, California. And the only way I could see myself financially clear with the growing family now was to sell out, or own the paper alone. At this time I had four children: Clark, who had been born in Steptoe Valley Hospital, in East Ely, in 1939, December the twenty-seventh (on my birthday, in fact); Virginia who arrived two years later, also at Steptoe Valley Hospital on April third; and then of course, the twins were born on March the fifth, twenty-one years ago, which would have been back in 1945, in Reno.

Oddly enough, I had no sooner filed for Congress than Mr. Chapin agreed to sell his interests to the paper. But I was in a congressional race. And so I took an option on his interest in the paper until the week after the election would be over; that is, the election in November. So if I was not elected, I could

*Mr. Sanford did not ask me to run in 1946, when I did.

in turn exercise the option and purchase the balance of the paper.

So, in returning again to the Republican convention in Elko. I announced at that time that I would run, and tried to get John Mueller to run as United States Senator. We had a peculiar condition then. Ted Carville was Senator. He was being opposed by Berkeley Bunker, a man who he had appointed to the vacancy left by the death of Key Pittman. And Bunker had then subsequently run for the office and been defeated in the primary election by James C. Scrugham. And then Bunker had been elected to Congress, and at this time was running against the man in his own party who had appointed him United States Senator.

After I returned from the Republican state convention in Elko at which I announced that I would run for Congress, first, my difficulty was—and I had a primary contest—to find someone that would run the Ely Record in those periods of time when I would be off. In fact, I had to work it down this way: the Record came out once a week. I would have to be back in Ely for a day or two every week, writing part of the news and editorials and so on, and checking on things, and then I'd take off again—leave my laundry for my wife to do, and start out. It was an active time for her, because the twins who were born in '45, were just a little over a year old, so they were babies, and there were the other two children besides.

I remember coming to Reno and trying to line up somebody to work with on advertising and the like. At that time I worked with Wally Warren, who was starting out, a young chap just returned from the war, and he handled my publicity. We had a minimum of money to go on. I know I took what saving I had and cashed in a life insurance policy of my wife's for twelve hundred dollars, and that

was the basis. Morley Griswold worked very closely with me, and was a big help. It was through Morley Griswold, in working with Max Fleischmann who contributed to the Republican national funds, that I obtained a very huge amount, it seemed, of five thousand dollars from Fleischmann. And this, frankly, was the basis of the money that I started out campaigning on.

I traveled alone. I had no funds to take anyone with me. I stopped at motels and places. Fortunately, I found that the people were friendly and were willing to help out as far as campaigning, and so on. Now this was during the primary, of course, I had a young chap, Bruce Harrison, who ran against me. He was a World War II veteran, which I was not. But I won out in the primary. It was not too difficult. My years of being in the state legislature proved to be good advertising assets.

And then, of course, in the general, we traveled as a group. Melvin Jepsen was running for governor at the time, Ernest Brooks was running for lieutenant governor, C. A. Carlson was running for state controller, and several others. And so we would, not pool our funds, but we'd pool our cars. Carlson and someone else would travel with me, and we'd get into a place at night and we'd have a rally that would be set up by the local committee. And then I recall a number of nights that our funds were such that we'd take a motel room and have a couple of extra beds moved in, in order to get by. It was, frankly, a very low-cost campaign.

I had a number of reasons for running for Congress that year, and there were several reasons why I was elected. Nevada was not in a period of rapid growth at that time. The population was about, I would say, a fourth of what it is at the present time. And among old families, the names I was connected with

were fairly well known about the state of Nevada. But the larger the population, the more diminishing the value of the old family name. And so the family name of Russell was known very well in the eastern part of the state of Nevada, and the name of Ernst, which was my mother's grandfather's name, was known very well down around through the Tonopah area and central Nevada. I still have quite a few relatives through the area.

I had two reasons for running. One was the situation for advancement, and the other was that having been a Republican for a number of years, I had a feeling that more could be done for the mining interest in the state of Nevada. I realized that I had spent these many years in the Ely area, which was a mining district. And also feeling that more emphasis should be placed on the state rights rather than the encroachment on the states' rights through the federal government that had taken place under Franklin D. Roosevelt. Nevertheless, a number of the reforms that came under Roosevelt were good, and they were lasting because they were a part of the world-wide change that this nation had to meet.

In the campaign, as I stated, none of the Republicans were expected to win. In the general election, I ran against Malcolm McEachin, who had been secretary of state for quite a few years. But fortunately for me, Malcolm McEachin had run against George Ogilvie, a man very well known, a rancher in Elko County. And Ogilvie was defeated. During the defeat of Ogilvie, McEachin had made some enemies in his own party. Ogilvie was not against me in the general election, which helped.

At the same time, George W. Malone was elected the United States Senator on the split between the Bunker and Carville factions, which also helped me, because the Bunker-

Carville primary race was very bitter. When Bunker had defeated Carville in the primary, many of the Carville people then swung to Malone. In fact, I remember that also I was caught in a backlash of that, which gave support to me.

It was interesting on election night in the home which we had bought and owned and were still paying for on the edge of Ely. We started out that night, and no one thought we could win. My wife and I were alone. We'd had someone take the two older children to the show, because we didn't want them to be too disappointed with being home. And as the returns kept coming in, we'd listen to the radio, and pretty soon the people started to arrive. So it turned out to be somewhat of a mass gathering. In fact, my wife and I recall that we didn't know we had so many friends.

I was quite surprised on winning the election, because it had been a long time since a Republican had been elected. And with no plans other than having to go to Washington, in fact, the newspaper then—I tried to find someone to go into partnership, and was unable to do it, so the paper was then sold to Vail Pittman. So the *Ely Record* was consolidated with the *Ely Daily Times*.

We prepared to leave for Washington. I recall it quite well, because at that time cars were hard to get. My Chevrolet had worn out, and I was able to buy a new Dodge car. But to ship things back—it was during the time when they were having a strike of express workers, and movement at this time, of course, was difficult. I recall loading my older son with my luggage in the car and taking off. My wife followed with my daughter and the twins by train.

On the way to Washington D. C., I drove down to Las Vegas and my son was with me. I recall at that time they were building the Flamingo, which was a big new hotel on the

“strip.” Several people who apparently knew “Bugsy” Siegel insisted that I go out and meet him. I recall going to the Flamingo, which was then under construction, meeting the famed hoodlum. While I was in his office, a man dashed in and said a truckload of bathroom fixtures had turned over on the way in from California, and the fixtures all broken. Siegel never inquired as to was anyone in the truck hurt or anything else, but very coldly dismissed the man and said, “Well order up another truckload, and don’t bother me with such incidents.” He also invited me to attend the opening of the Flamingo Hotel, which was held on January 1, 1947, but, of course, I very carefully avoided that.

The Flamingo was the first big hotel, outside of the El Rancho and the Frontier, on what is now called the “strip.” And that paved the way to the vast gambling industry that is taking place in southern Nevada and to the growth of Las Vegas as such. I relate that just to show what influence has developed in the south since those years.

I arrived in Washington, rented a house, and I was placed on the Public Lands committee in the House, which also included the sub-committees of Mining, Indian Affairs, and Territories. I had sought that committee, because actually, in the state of Nevada, eighty-six percent of the land was owned by the federal government. Also, Nevada was dependent upon its agriculture and mining. We did not have the great growth of gambling that you have at the present time.

Coming into Congress, it was at the end of World War II, and the pipelines had not yet been filled with materials, although the production was being diverted into domestic use, rather than to war use. We found, for instance, that in the mineral field, during the war, there had been set up premium prices to be paid for copper, lead, zinc, and other

minerals to stimulate the production. In order to continue that production in the state of Nevada at equitable prices, I introduced what was called the Russell bill, which was to continue the premium on some metals, and when they would be stockpiled for future use by the United States.

I became very active in meeting with the members of the Stockpile Board, which consisted of an admiral and a general, among others. I worked through them. When it became apparent that the bill—I had worked on it in cooperation with men representing mining industries—would come up for favorable consideration in the House, I, for instance, was called into a group of older members of the House (Remember that was the Eightieth Congress, when the Republicans were in the majority), and frankly told that, as a young member, seeing this was the first time that the Republicans were in control of the House, that they couldn’t very well let the bill go through with my name on it. So the name of Leo Allen was put on it. He would have little, if anything, to do with the bill. It came out of the Rules committee and was passed by the House and by the Senate, and vetoed by then President Truman. It was known, however, all the time as the Russell bill and it’s still referred to it as such, at times.

Several big things came up, and rather big for the state of Nevada was the fact that what was then called the Boulder Dam had previously been named Hoover Dam, and changed by the Democrats when Roosevelt went in, back in 1932, to Boulder Dam. And one of the first moves by the Republican party in Congress was to have the dam renamed as Hoover Dam, honoring, of course, former President Hoover. Now this might seem like a small thing, but when you have a town like Boulder City which was geared to cater nearly entirely to the tourists, and when they had

thousands of dollars of souvenirs all labeled “Boulder Dam” and then to have a bill come up in Congress to re-label it as “Hoover Dam,” that meant quite a bit to them. There was also the fight of the Democrat party that they should not change to Hoover Dam.

I got quite in the midst of it, of course, being from Nevada, and voted for—reluctantly at the time, although I greatly admired Herbert Hoover—the changing it back to Hoover Dam. In fact, pressure was brought on me from every side. I was frankly told, “Look if you want to get along with the Republican Congress, you had better vote for the change of the name of Hoover Dam.” So, the first couple of times after that, that I went back to Boulder City, you can imagine the reception wasn’t very good. Probably this in part contributed to my defeat in running for re-election, in 1948.

Two other bills caused damage, if you call it that, which I’m very strongly for. The Marshall Plan bill was one that I voted for, because I held that the United States could not be one nation alone in the world. Both Senators McCarran and Malone had voted against it which, in campaigning for reelection had both of them stating that they voted against it, and were very much opposed to foreign aid, where the third member of the trio had voted for it. I was standing alone in my fight on it. My other fight was the Taft-Hartley bill, which they both voted against and which I had voted for, and which, incidentally, has not been changed up until the present time.

I had a peculiar experience in 1948, when the convention of the Republicans was held in Philadelphia. And at that time, Senator Malone had put out some pamphlets in which he was seeking to back Taft for President of the United States and Malone as vice presidential candidate. (Now it’s rather strange on this

incident in that Malone himself had voted against the Taft-Hartley Act, where Hartley was a member of the House and Taft was the Senator who had promoted the bill, which resulted in the name of Taft-Hartley Bill.) From Nevada, I had a long-distance call. The people in the Republican party did not want Malone to be the delegate to the convention in Philadelphia, and they wanted to know how to work it, because up until that time, it had been customary that the representatives in the Senate and in Congress had been named as delegates to the national convention. So I said, “Well it’ll be very simple. You just, in your meeting, decide that inasmuch as the delegates will be given honorary seats and will take part in the convention, and that inasmuch as there will not be many people represented from Nevada, that you hold that the Nevada delegates should not include the elected officials.” This was done very cleverly, and neither Malone nor I were delegates.

The convention was rather bitter. Dewey, of course, won the nomination for the Republican party. And selected with him was Earl Warren to run for vice president. Charlie Halleck was the majority floor leader in the Congress in the Eightieth session and Joe Martin was the Speaker. Backed by the Honolulu Oil Company, they were seeking to have Charlie Halleck nominated at the convention for vice president. And I was working closely, frankly, with the Charlie Halleck group. In fact, when they decided that the convention would swing to Warren and nominate him rather than Halleck, I was delegated the job of going to Charlie Halleck and telling him why he did not get the nomination. You can imagine it was a rather ticklish job trying to tell him, then, who had been, frankly, promised it. I now feel Halleck would have made a better race than Earl Warren could have made, but it went to Earl

Warren. And that was the famous Dewey-Warren ticket that was defeated in 1948.

As a member of the Public Lands committee, which, as I said, took in territories, the national parks and so on, early in 1947, with two other members from the House and three from the Senate, spent a week or more down in Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and the territories. And then in the summer and early fall of '47, I toured the National Parks and the Bureau of Land Management Forest Service lands in the West with the committee from the House. This gave me opportunity to study what the West was like outside of my own home state, and to travel quite extensively.

I'm trying to recall some of the other things that took place. I know that at one time on a bill representing Nevada, a small bill—I've forgotten the name of it—I was called down to the White House with Senator McCarran to see President Harry S Truman sign the bill. All the president could talk about at the time was the new airplane that the government was furnishing for him.

During the war, the Basic Magnesium plant had been built in Henderson, Nevada. When the disposition came for it, it was either to be sold or dismantled, scrapped, we fought to retain it for industry within the state. In this case, they left it up to the Nevada delegation what should be done or could be done. And Malone was for the scrapping of it. And I sided with Senator McCarran, and retained it for the state of Nevada. The state purchased it, and later sold the facilities and then the housing.

And during that time also, the Rose de Lima Hospital in southern Nevada, I obtained through my office for the Catholic sisters for the cost of one dollar. And this was done entirely by my office without any cooperation whatsoever, either from Senator Malone or from Senator McCarran.

Then, of course, I had to live with the Basic Magnesium, because after having worked with Senator McCarran and having it turned over to the state of Nevada, then when I went in as governor in 1951, I had the burden then of the disposal of the plant facilities to the different companies, and also finally of selling the houses to the people. All of which, of course, was rather difficult in that so often people feel that they should have something for nothing and they have paid for it for a number of years. But they were given the houses at equitable value and as the years have gone by, Henderson has developed from a little town of two thousand five hundred or three thousand to fifteen or twenty thousand people. I will have more to say about that later.

I'd like to talk a little more about my relationships with Senators Malone and McCarran. You'd have to know the two Senators to really appreciate them. I knew both Senator McCarran and Senator Malone for quite a few years. Taking Senator McCarran, who was the senior of the two first, he had run once (in a primary) for United States Senator before being elected. He had served for a number of years in the state supreme court in Nevada and in the legislature in 1903. He had a wide background of service. He was noted in the days when I was at the University of Nevada, largely being the attorney for Mary Pickford when she received her divorce in Nevada. He was a capable man.

In looking back, I think that Senator McCarran did probably as much as anyone for the state of Nevada whom we have had in the United States Senate. He was also a vindictive man. He was a man who drew his power from politics, not only from the Democratic party, but also from a number of responsible people within the Republican party. I know that George Wingfield once told me that the policy had been for years to back a

Democratic Senator and a Republican Senator in the United States Senate, so that whatever party was in power, as far as the President was concerned, Nevada would have able representation in the United States Senate.

So McCarran had a wide bipartisan group behind him. I recall back when he ran in the 'thirties (1938), for instance, when he ran for a second term, that many Republicans switched their registration in the primary election from Republican to Democrat because McCarran had voted against the packing of the Supreme Court by President Roosevelt. Many Republicans switched to the Democratic party at that time solely on the account of McCarran, and many for years remained changed over because they felt that they could do better by voting for McCarran and others in the Democratic primary election.

McCarran was not a controlled man as such, although he favored some of his friends. He was not a wealthy man as such, and I don't think that he made a great deal of money as far as being in office, but he had married one of the Weeks girls of Clover Valley in Elko County who was left quite well off by her parents. And then, of course he had his family.

He was always interested in us, because his family had the reverse of what we had. He had four daughters and one son, while we have one daughter and four sons. Little odd things like that can sometimes mean nothing, but at the same time it recalls things.

Malone was an entirely different type of individual. He was very aggressive. He attended the University of Nevada. He was a young engineer out of Yerington, where he met and married his wife, Ruth. He ran for the Senate twice before he was elected. And in 1946 when he ran, many at that time wanted Morley Griswold to run. And Morley had sent Carl Dodge, now state senator from Churchill

County, to make a quick survey of the state as to whether he should run or not, and decided against it, presuming that the chances might not be too great. Remember that Morley was defeated running for governor in 1934, after he had served for about two years as acting governor for the state of Nevada.

George Marshall was the district judge in Clark County who ran against Malone in the 1946 primary election, and many thought that Marshall might win. But Malone, who from his previous campaign knew every ranch in the state of Nevada, won the primary. And George Marshall and his wife did something that is not often seen in Nevada politics. They not only swung in back of Malone in the general campaign, which he ran against Berkeley Bunker, who had defeated incumbent Senator E. P. Carville, but they put out a small tabloid-size newspaper, and raised funds, and did everything they could for Malone.

Malone was aggressive. He was very self-centered in many ways. He was a lavish spender; both he and his wife. He was not dishonest; he was honest, but a difficult man to deal with unless you dealt with him according to Malone's ideas. We were always friends, but many times we failed to agree on many things because Malone primarily was an isolationist. He was a strong "America for Americans only." He fought every movement in Congress rather than recognize the fact that we had to be a part of anything outside the United States as a government. In mining, he fought for the miners. As far as the miners and the ranchers were concerned, they couldn't have had a better friend in Congress.

He was a "lone wolf," but at the same time he always had a penchant for wanting to get into things. For instance, he made several trips to Europe that were financed by others. He made his famous trip into South America

where Perón was supposed to have given him a saddle horse and which he probably talked about until Perón was removed from Argentina. We heard no more about the horse.

Malone was the type of individual that, before he was in the United States Senate, would work for different groups. At one time, he had what they call the Industrial West Foundation, I believe the name was, a rather remarkable document about what would be available, and what could be done in western states, and so on. At one time, he was backed by the beet sugar producers. They hoped to stimulate the beet production versus either the Cuban or South American sugar, which would be the cane sugar.

I remember, speaking frankly, that when I went to Washington—he went into the Senate at the same time that I did in Congress, of course—that the next spring the Malones gave a very elaborate dinner, and gave silver dollar clips, Nevada silver dollars, as mementos and so on. I received several letters from southern Nevada saying that I had to thank the people that raised the money for the party. Come to find out, the money had been raised for the party to be given jointly by the Malones and the Russells. Even the clips had been sent for it, and my wife and I had not even been invited to the party! Tells you what kind of operator he was in many ways, and which meant nothing to us.

He was that way.

I mean, he got different groups to raise money to give parties and such, and it was something that I couldn't do. And we were never asked to them. Now here he was a Republican, and needed our help at times, and we were Republican, probably needing his help at times. He was an individual. There will probably never be anyone quite like him. He was the type of man that those who liked him, liked him very much, and those that

didn't like him, well, just didn't have any use for him.

Malone was not nearly as clever or as good a politician for Nevada, frankly, as Senator McCarran, because McCarran put through many things. Some things that McCarran put through probably were motivated by smaller groups or people you'd wonder at, but on the whole, he did achieve a lot for Nevada. I think notably some of McCarran's immigration laws, relative to past people and others, would raise some eyebrows as far as Washington was concerned.

In '48, I came back and filed for reelection on the Republican ticket. This was after the Eightieth Congress. Truman called it a "do-nothing Congress," yet, it was a Congress which had balanced the budget; for the first time in years, the United States had come up with a fiscal surplus. Unfortunately, on the national level we had a combination of Dewey and Warren. Dewey was cold, as far as the public was concerned, and Earl Warren was like a big St. Bernard dog; he'd let his tongue loll out and wag his tail, and thought everything was wonderful. I say that because early in the campaign, I had gone into California, and had ridden the special train with Earl Warren into the northern part of the state. At that time, I had tried to get him to defend the Eightieth Congress and defend, frankly, the Taft-Hartley Bill and the Marshall Plan, hoping in turn that it would help me in Nevada. After all, it was things that the Republican party had done. I had asked him to talk along these lines in Reno and Sparks and through his trip in Nevada, and he very carefully, as I said, acted like a big, affable St. Bernard dog. He wouldn't do anything that would upset, or be contrary to the ideas of the people that he was talking to. It is since known that Earl Warren had been the liberal of the liberalists, if you want to call it that, which is neither here nor there.

We sent word to Dewey to take off his boxing gloves and start fighting, because in Nevada, surveys that we had made indicated that it looked pretty slim for the Republican party. And, of course, I was the only one running at that time.

My big trouble was that I voted for the Marshall Plan and for the Taft-Hartley bill. Then to have both Malone and McCarran speaking against the two bills and enacted into law which I had voted for; it threw me into a position that was very tough. In fact, we brought then Congressman Dick Nixon into Reno and held a big rally in Reno at which Nixon appeared for me, trying to overcome some of this, but it was impossible. I worked, toured the state, worked hard.

Then, of course, we had an off-year; in 1946, the state officers had run, and we had a Senator up. In 1948, I was the only one, so that meant campaigning alone and trying to work up support within communities and so on, but not having the time nor the money to adequately do a person-to-person campaign.

I recall being invited to speak before the Nevada State Federation of Labor in Ely, Nevada, a written invitation. I said I'd be there. With the help of some of my personnel that were working for me, we carefully drew out a document, a speech, a written speech as to what the Taft-Hartley bill meant to the working man, how it was really not against him, and how it involved the American principles of fair play, and so on. I arrived in Ely. I went down to get my car to drive to the convention hall and somebody had let all the air out of all four of my tires. I got up there, and they wouldn't let me in the front door; they made me go in the back door. And I had to wait while they voted as to whether they'd let me speak or not. There, I made one of the big mistakes that a politician sometimes

makes. I tore up written speech and went out and told them what I thought of them.

So I lost the election to Walter Baring by a little over seven hundred votes. I knew prior to November that I would have a tough time and would lose. I appointed a committee composed of Rex Bell, Pat Clark, and Eddie Van Tassell in Clark County, and raised some money for them to spend to put out printed pamphlets. Clark was a very close friend of Bell's, had dabbled in politics for years, and had at one time been tied up with Kell Houssells in a liquor distributing company. I believe he now operates the Pontiac garage. Eddie ran a beer joint where the working men would gather, and, in my opinion, was one of the most honest chaps that I ever ran into. I arrived there quickly and quietly one evening, and found out that the whole bunch of stuff had been put out on the junk pile. And the money had been dispersed. In fact, I was told by two men claiming to be labor leaders that if I put up five thousand dollars, that they'd swing the vote to me. Of course, I never had anywhere near that much money, and wouldn't have done it anyway. But that's what I went through.

Sometimes in politics a candidate is traded. I was of the belief that those who, at that time, professed to support me in Clark County, had decided that I probably would not be elected and had traded with others, to the result that I did not get the support that I had anticipated. Later, talking to Eddie Van Tassell, he returned some two hundred and fifty dollars to me that had not been spent in having the literature distributed, and I learned what had happened. It's the only campaign in my life where I wound up the last two weeks mentally and physically just about sick, because I couldn't see any breakthrough.

I remember my wife and I had been over to Ely to vote, and at midnight we were ahead,

and we were ahead until nearly noon the next day when the Clark County votes came in. We drove rather quietly back across the state to Carson City. Our children were staying there at my wife's father's, Judge Guild's. Of course, there was Clark and Virginia and the twins. Todd, of course, was a baby; he had been born in Washington D. C. So we drove up and we thought, "Now what shall we tell the children, because they'll be so disappointed." We stopped in front of the house and the kids all ran out all hollering together, "Goody, goody, goody, Daddy's defeated! Now we can stay in Nevada." And honestly, it was so hard not to laugh, because they didn't want to go back to Washington. So in some ways it was a compensation.

Campaigns were different then. For instance, in 1946, we relied mostly on newspapers, because there were not too many radio stations that reached all over the state. There was the station in Reno, none in Ely or Elko at that time, and Vegas, of course, in '48 too, it was quite a bit the same, so our mode of approach to the people was entirely different than it is now. Television, a multiplicity of radio stations and of television stations has drawn the cost up now. For instance, in 1948, if I remember correctly, I think my whole campaign was only about twelve thousand five hundred dollars. And today, it'd be around eight or nine times that much for the House of Representatives.

In '46 and '48, we didn't have backing; big money flooding in from some of the gambling establishments and so on, who even now will give so much to one candidate and so much to his opponent. In other words, they'd play both sides, and play the big money as to who they think will win. So it's entirely different as far as finances are concerned. Then, very little money came out of the smaller counties.

The first campaign in 1946, I had about fifteen hundred dollars cash in the bank, and

my wife had an insurance policy for twelve hundred dollars. We cashed that in. And then through Max Fleischmann, through the national committee we received about five thousand dollars, and that was the bulk in nearly all of 1946 campaign. In 1948, quite a few businessmen and establishments and all contributed, and individuals. In fact, we spent probably half again as much in the '48 campaign as in the '46 campaign. In fact, in 1946, I was so darn broke that after the election was over with, I had to sell my interest in the newspaper or I wouldn't have been able to buy a new car or get back to Washington.

That I did, because it took about everything that I had. In 1948, I saved, of course, being two years in Congress. Then in '48, I was on a payroll in Congress, which made a difference. So I came out of that in better shape, but the amount of money that we had to spend was not too great.

On the completion, right after the election, I left in my car for Washington D. C., to close my office, not knowing, of course, what I was going to do. I stopped over in Las Vegas, and was the guest of Ed Converse, president of the Bonanza Air Lines, who had been active in behalf of my campaign. He told me that he would be going back to Washington also. Arriving back in Washington, I started to close my office. And then I found out through Converse, who had arrived back there, that there was a possibility of an opening in the Joint Committee on Foreign Economic Cooperation.

Now this was a committee that had been set up by Congress to study the operation of the Marshall Plan in Europe. Charles Dewey, who had been economic advisor to the Polish government at one time, and who had been active in national affairs for many years, was the chairman of this committee, of the active committee. But at that time, Styles

Bridges was the chairman of the Senate-House joint committee. I got in contact with Styles Bridges, who was a friend of mine, a Senator from New Hampshire. Styles told me that there was an opening on a committee and that he would like me to serve on the committee. There was one thing that would have to be done however. As you will recall, in the Eightieth Congress, the Republicans had control of the Senate, and that was the reason that Bridges was the chairman of the committee. But in the elections in '48, the Senate had gone Democratic again, which meant that McCarran, who the year before had been the minority leader now became the majority leader of the committee, and became chairman as such.

Bridges said that if I could get approval from McCarran to serve on the committee staff, which was composed both of the Republicans and the Democrats, that it would make things much easier. I went to Senator McCarran, and Senator McCarran immediately said he'd be glad to have me on the committee. So I was appointed by Styles Bridges and confirmed by McCarran. So the day after my term ended as Congressman, I became a member of the committee at the salary then of \$10,380 a year, as compared with \$12,500 a year I was receiving as a member of Congress.

So the day I went out as a member of Congress, I went in as a member on the Joint Committee on Foreign Economic Cooperation, with an office in Washington D. C. Also, I served a number of months over in Europe with an office in Paris. And I covered such countries as England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and North Africa, Algeria and Morocco. Some of the experiences I had were so wonderful that, of course, they are living memories with me.

MY WORK FOR THE MARSHALL PLAN

Under Charles Dewey, who headed the staff, I was named in charge of the investigations on strategic and critical materials under the Marshall Plan. This was a result of the fact that in Congress I had worked consistently with the Committee on Stockpiling relative to the acquisition of those things that this nation needed to stockpile in case of emergency, which included many of the items that were not available in the United States at that time; chrome, long-fiber asbestos, some types of mica, nickel, and in part, mercury or quicksilver.

Now, I had a man with me, a mining engineer, named Paul Tyler, who was a former head of the U. S. Bureau of Mines division in the East, and who had quite a bit of experience in tungsten mining and so on. And he accompanied me to Europe, while we made the trips through most of the Marshall Plan countries. At that time, we were in short supply on chrome, on long-fiber asbestos, even on sisal, which is used for making a certain rope. We were also very much interested in the development of manganese mines and the like.

We had our office in Paris and we worked out of Paris. Clare Hoffman was in charge there.

The work took us into London to meet with some of the members of the English mining group there, and also took us into Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and North Africa.

We reported directly to Congress, and it was a case of investigation of what the Marshall Plan was doing. Now under the Marshall Plan, the money was given to the various governments; for instance, if tractors were sold, they were sold to the people. Five percent of the money was put into what they call the counterpart and the balance was used by the countries to build up industry, etc. And this five percent counterpart was to defray the American expenses and to purchase needed critical or strategic materials for the United States for the stockpiles, or to develop the mining of such in the various countries. Also, out of this five percent were paid all the expenses of the committee while in Europe. It's the only committee I've served on where

all of our expenses were paid, regardless of the amount of money that we spent. In other words, we would have to spend our own money for laundry or for liquor, but we were allowed unlimited expense accounts for entertaining the different dignitaries and so on. We had an office in the Bedford Hotel in Paris, and I stayed at several other hotels during my stay there, but mostly we were on the go.

There were many rather interesting experiences. I was going, for instance, into Turkey. We were entertained there by the ambassador, Wadsworth at that time, and wanted to make a trip into the interior. Transportation was very difficult then. In fact, we had to get the Turkish government permits to go into what they called the Russian Zone, or close to the Russian border. I recall a trip into Sivas and Malatya where we wanted to go into some of the Guleman properties which were managed by the Ettibank, a subsidiary of the Turkish government. On arriving, for instance, at Sivas where we were taken off the airplane, and after much questioning and much difficulty, we were allowed to return on the plane after they had written down who we were. On the trip there was a man by the name of Hughes, a man by the name of Dave Forester (he developed the "Forester Mill Cell") who were directly connected with the Marshall Plan, and Mr. Tyler and I.

At Sivas, the others were easily cleared, but for some reason, they had difficulty with my name, and finally, on the official document they gave me to proceed, I might state that at the time my home address was Cheverley, Maryland, that my name was written down as Mr. Charlet of Chevrolet, U. S. A. For several weeks then, I went through the rest of Turkey officially as Mr. Charlet of Chevrolet, U. S. A.

Arriving at Malatya then, we were supposed to be met by some people from the

Ettibank, who had taken us to the Guleman property, which is one of the large chrome-producing properties in Turkey. We also wanted to visit some of the manganese mines, because at that time, the United States was also stockpiling manganese.

We got off the plane at Malatya, and no one was there to meet us. We could find no one who could speak English. Mr. Tyler spoke a smattering of German and also French, but we were still unable to make our wants known, or to find out if there was someone there to look for us. We were taken to a little room about the size of an average bedroom, I guess nine by twelve, two or three cots there, and we waited for several hours. In the meantime, we had been trying to talk with different individuals in the town, without success. Our meals, I so well recall, consisted of a big bowl containing little pieces of mutton and boiled wheat and green peppers, and the whole top was just a mass of boiled flies. And yet our hosts were such that we had to eat of it. We were there several hours, when finally one of the Turkish officials came to me and beckoned me. Why he chose me of the others, I don't know.

I went five or six blocks downtown to a little room in which a group of Turks were sitting around with their fezzes. Had a very wide-awake, alert-looking young chap next to me, trying to explain in gestures. In other words, we wanted to get over the mountains to the Guleman properties. Finally I took out my little card that had the seal of the United States and said I was an official representative, and handed it to this young chap and I said, "It's too damned bad that some of you don't understand, or at least read English, and know that our job is legitimate." And here, after hours, this man turned to me and he said in perfect English, "I not only read English, but I understand it." It turned out that he was an

undercover official of the Turkish government and we had gone through this long process because they wanted to assure themselves that we were perfectly legitimate.

So then within a half an hour after this, they summoned a red Turkish jeep, and with the driver and the rest of us—there were six in all—set out over the mountains at the head of the Tigris River for the Guleman property. It was getting late, and the driver—it was a mountain road with many curves—would take the curves and laugh, and Mr. Tyler would call him every name in the English language trying to get him to slow down. He just laughed and kept on going. As the sun went down, he stopped by a little spring in the mountain. I can recall it so well, because there was a herd of fat-tailed sheep on the hillside. He took off his shoes and bathed his feet and bowed toward Mecca, and refused to go until after he sat and ate.

We got into the Guleman mine late at night, I imagine about nine o'clock, very much perturbed with our driver, because we thought we were probably being shanghaied somewhere at first. Then we were met by one of the Ettibank engineers, who had been trained in the United States. The system there was that the engineers would be trained in the United States, and would have to work out a number of years for the Turkish government in repayment for their education. We explained to him. Then he told us it was the fast season of the Mohammedans, and that the driver had gone without eating all day long and could not eat until after the sun went down, and that's why he had stopped and paid his respects toward Mecca and so on; we felt better, tipped the driver, and he left.

I can remember the main mine building was very clean. It was a kind of barracks, and there was a grape arbor. And we were so tired that they set us under the grape arbor, and

they brought us long, tall glasses of sort of a purple-colored liquid. We asked this man what they were, and he said, "Mulberry juice, fresh mulberry juice." And, of course, you realize that the Muslims do not drink; they abstain entirely from alcohol. So we sat, and the drink was cold, and we were tired, and we drank one or two glasses of this liquid that they brought us. And suddenly I found that I could not stand up, and the others couldn't, and they had to pack us into the building. And I turned to the man who was our host and I said, "My God, what did you do to us?" He said, "You Americans?" And I said, "Yes." He says, "Mulberry juice: that much vodka, Russian vodka, that much." He held up his fingers to show several ounces. So what he had actually done was slug us so that we all just about passed out.

We visited the mines there. They used to conscript the employees and keep them in barbed wire compounds. I watched them mining the chrome ore the next day. And at noon, these people would sit down to a little sort of a cup of yogurt, a piece of bread, and that's all they had to eat. And when they were through, they were herded back into the compound.

They had one of the most modern tramways that I'd ever seen, leading from the mine down to the loading docks. It was over several miles. In those countries, they'd call it a teleferic. This teleferic was built by the Germans after World War I, and was, at the time it was completed, quite an engineering feat. Also there, we visited a number of the other chrome mines, and some of the manganese mines, of which there was a wealth in the country.

Then in Turkey, we met with the people who were promoting then the agriculture development, and realized that Turkey had been run over about thirteen times by Russia.

We were doing what we could in road-building and so on, because Turkey was one of the most friendly countries in all Europe. We then flew down to Iskenderun, which is on the Syrian border—at one time was part of Syria. We visited the outcrops, and looked over the possibilities of the manganese mines near Iskenderun. At the time, they had an epidemic in Iskenderun, and we had to stay up in the mountains, where they thought it would probably be safe for some Americans.

At all times we were very courteously treated, but it was like going back to biblical days, because in many of the towns you'd see the people out plowing the fields with the oxen or a horse, or sometimes you'd see five or six women pulling a type of antiquated machinery. They threshed the wheat by horses walking around on the straw. Then you'd see the women on the housetops with a basket tossing the wheat and chaff in the air. The wind would blow away the chaff and they'd collect the wheat. I say this only to show that what the country was somewhat like at that time, and, of course, it has since advanced.

Other experiences on the trip, took me into Africa, into Morocco, where we went over the Atlas Mountains with the economic advisor of the French government to the government of Morocco, which at that time was under a French protectorate. And on the trip there, we were protected by the deputy French foreign minister, Roger Vours. We went clear down to the edge of the Sahara Desert and stayed in one of the outposts of the French Foreign Legion, where we dressed in the French Foreign Legion whites, and where the water was so tepid that they mixed it with Pernod, which is similar to the old French absinthe for drinking.

With the French economic advisor, Claude Desportes, who spoke no English and, of course, I spoke no French, we went up into

the top of the Atlas Mountains in a jeep that was driven by a Blue Berber, which is one of the fierce tribes of Northern Africa, and had with us two of the Blue Berber soldiers. And I recall how up in the mountains, the jeep broke down, and at that time they had been having some incidents with the mountain tribes. After four or five hours, here came a party of the French Foreign Legion to the rescue, figuring that we had been ambushed or something had happened to us, which was not the case.

Then we left the outpost, where we were wonderfully treated, and drove to Sousse Valley, which was on our way to the ocean and to Agadir. We were entertained by the pasha. The pasha is sort of a district ruler, like the governor would be of a state. We took some pictures of an oddity there. It's noted as quite an olive country, and the goats climb the trees and eat the olives on top of the trees—something I have never seen before—so they are tree-climbing goats.

In this intense weather, we all wore the French white. I can recall getting into Agadir, and dropping my clothes in the hotel, and making a beeline for the ocean, because we were just worn to a frazzle. But getting up the next morning and watching the camel trains taking off for the desert was intensely interesting. And one evening while we were there, we were entertained by the commanding general of the French Foreign Legion at the old Portuguese fort, high up on the cliffs overlooking the town of Agadir, at a native feast.

We had gone through the Sousse Valley to look at some deposits of mica. They claimed that there were some large deposits of clear sheet mica, which was in short supply at that time, and which we wanted to make some reports on. We flew back from Agadir to Casablanca and spent several days there. We

flew over the cork forests, and up into the edge of Algeria, into Algeria, and then back to the border where they had the very rich lead-zinc mines that were being developed largely with French capital there at the time. Some American interests had a lesser amount of money in it. They have proved in recent years to be enormously wealthy.

In Morocco, the men were paid a small amount. They actually built little towns by these mines for them, and the women usually did a lot of the sorting work. In other words, the purity of their ore of manganese that would be sorted by hand. Their hands would be black, and they'd be just filthy. But we would see the nomad bands of sheep with their old hide tents, just like they roamed the country in the days of Christ, and so on. All of which, of course, are memories.

Oddly enough, something that is not typical of the United States, but typical of those countries, is that when they'd move in an operation of that kind, they'd build a little town and a part of that town would be compound of women, and each man along with his pay was given so many tickets to visit the women during a month as part of their salary; that was typical of the country.

We traveled also into North Africa. We flew from Paris—were supposed to—to Casablanca, but Casablanca was fogged in so we flew down to Marrakech. We then went by car from Marrakech back to Casablanca and Rabat, and spent quite a bit of time there, and went by car again to Marrakech. There, we stayed a couple of nights in one of the houses that used to house one of the pashas. In fact, our rooms were in a courtyard. At one time it housed the favorites of the harem of the pasha. We visited some of the pashas in the southern part of Morocco where they lived in their walled-in castles and it looked like medieval splendor. No place in Mohammedan

world do they serve liquor; it's always the mint tea. We also became very accustomed to their favorite piece de resistance, which is the roast mutton, and which you eat entirely with your right hand; and couscous, which is like kind of a cracked wheat cooked, and you make into soft balls with your fingers and eat. And then pigeon pie. It was not unusual for us to go through a feast every several days along this line. But we ate entirely with our right hand, because to touch the food with the left was to defile it.

The entertainment, invariably, consisted of sitting in a large room on cushions on the floor, where they'd have the oriental dancers, and where we'd be served the typical roast mutton feast and the mint tea. There again, no liquor was ever served. I recall that, in one incident—the French are very great on protocol—one of the Americans who was with me with the Marshall Plan, tried to raise a fuss because I was given the seat of honor. And it was explained to him by the deputy French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Roger Vours, that having been a member of Congress, I was entitled to that seat of honor over and above the members of the Marshall Plan.

In Belgium and Holland, it was meeting with people relative to industrial diamonds and things like that. We went by car over into Germany, up into the Aachen district and through there where we had a German mine, the lead-zinc mines and so on. And then into Greece, into the old Greek-French lorum mines, which are the lead-zinc mines, and the old silver mines.

It was fascinating, because we visited the old Greek lorum mines nearby; the vast worked-out silver mines, which paid for the glory of Greece when Greece was at its highest. In other words, as long as silver was pouring in through the mines by slave labor,

Greece became the culture center of the world. With the decreasing of the silver mines, then Greece was overrun, and the Greek culture vanished somewhat.

Back in Paris, I had several experiences that were quite unusual. One was, they had the International Convention on Fats and Oils. Now, recall that back in '49, the fats and oils were in short supply all over the world. And I was asked to attend this and observe the international meeting which was held at Montreux in Switzerland. I had become fairly well acquainted with some of the Uni-Lever people who were, frankly, in control of the group-monts on fats and oil in Europe. Also, I had met a Frenchman by the name of Colonel Rickey, during my term in Congress, who was at the head of one of the groupemonts in Paris, and had become friendly with him, and he insisted also that I attend this convention.

I arrived at the convention, I believe there was only one other American there, and it was a full-dress affair; and I had only a tuxedo. I attended the meetings, which were translated into the languages of the various countries.

I recall the big banquet they were going to have one evening, and I was supposed to sit at one of the tables of honor. Prior to the banquet, through my French friends, I was introduced to many of the women who were wearing elaborate dresses and jewels. Many of the jewels were many years old, as were the dresses. It was quite a remarkable occasion. And they were saying, "Well we're going to have a dance afterwards, and I would say, "Well, I'd love to, if I could, dance with you later in the evening," and so on.

So we got into the dinner. At the table where I was seated, there was a large round table of the different representatives of the different nations and their wives. They had, I don't know how many wine courses in all,

and brandy. Each one would get up and make a toast and say, "Gesundheit," or "Salud," and I'd make a toast and say, "Here's how." By the time the dinner was over, frankly, I was so stiff that I didn't know what I was doing. I took one look at all the women around and I thought, "My God, do I have to dance with all of these women?" So I walked out of the hotel, out to this Montreaux Palace where it was being held. I walked back to my hotel and caught the early morning train for Italy. When I got back into Paris, all my French friends were mad at me, because I had run out. They said I caused a political error by not staying and attending the dance.

Nevertheless, I caught the train over the mountains to Milano. And at Milano, I was alone and I bought a passage into Rome where I was to meet Mr. Tyler, who was waiting there for me. And I took the first train that looked like it was going to Rome and it happened to be the Rapido, the electric, and my ticket was for the more conventional type of train. And at first, they were going to throw me off. They couldn't make me understand, and I couldn't make them understand. So the conductor, or whoever he was, finally shrugged his shoulders and I went through on the Rapido, on a ticket that was meant for the other type.

I had made many friends, and I had some experiences that were interesting. To show what you come against in a way; in Paris, when I used to walk from my hotel down to the Bedford Hotel where the office was, a young Algerian would stop me, and he says, "Want to buy the pictures?" And I said, "No, I'm not interested." Next day he was there, "Want to buy some pictures?" And I'd say, "No, I'm not interested." And on the spur of the moment, I said, "Well, why don't we sit down and have a glass of beer?" And we sat down, had a glass of beer in the sidewalk cafe. There for about a week every morning,

I would walk to the hotel and he'd be waiting. We'd have our glass of beer and that's all there was to it.

So in August, when I got back from Turkey, I was tired. One of the relaxations I've always liked was a steam bath and I came out of the hotel, and here was my Algerian friend. And he was all dressed up. It seemed that he was going into business for himself. I asked what kind of business. He knew a few words of English, and it turned out that he had bought a pushcart and was selling things down the street. He got away from selling the so-called pictures. (Any tourists to France in those days would be approached by these different pictures, of which a lot of them are just copies of the nude paintings of the different art galleries.)

I said I wanted a steam bath and so he said "Come with me." I had asked at the hotel and they had given me the names of a couple of places, but it was in August and they were closed, so we went down and we got on the Metro, and we went out for—it seemed for miles—and we got off, and I followed him. And there was a big steam bath, the most unique place I had ever been in. It was huge, and filled with Frenchmen of all kinds. At first, they weren't going to let the Algerian in, but I paid for him. So we went in and had our steam bath and had a massage. I'll never forget it, because they used a bar of good old yellow soap, and a brush.

It was rather unusual. So we left there and he said, "Well, come with me."

Well, what I hadn't realized was that it was the end of the Mohammedan fast, and the Mohammedans were celebrating in their typical way. He took me with him to where the Algerians were. They had a large room, and the men all sat around and they ate the couscous and the lamb. They ate also the honey-almond cookies and drank mint tea.

And they had this weird oriental music, and a man would get up and do a solo dance and they'd applaud, someone else would get up. And that's the way they do the celebrating. The women are all in another room entirely separated from the men. And when we had finished there, he told me that I was very sympathetic to the Muslims and so on. I was royally treated. It's an experience that very few Americans ever have.

He said, "Now, I show you how the French do it." So he took me to a place where they promenade. And so we'd promenade. We'd start with a little bistro, and he'd say, "Brandy, two." So we had brandy. And about the third or fourth time, I was thinking that the time had come when we should start cutting off because this chap is a Muslim, didn't drink, and was showing me how the French drink. So we went one little place and we had a brandy. Some of his friends were there and I bought them a brandy. So, apparently, when they feel good, they want to dance. The man just gets up and dances alone. It's the darnedest thing you've ever seen.

And all of a sudden, I heard the darnedest commotion, and here came a paddy wagon and a lot of the French police. They loaded them all into a paddy wagon, and left me alone. I got a taxi and went back to the hotel, and I didn't know what in the world was taking place. We had a girl in the office who spoke French. I had her check with the police the next day, and it turned out that they were not supposed to dance in these places. So they carted them off overnight in jail. And the next morning, I was going to leave then—this was prior to the trip into Morocco—and I came out of the hotel, and there he was, and I sympathized with him. And I said, "Now Mohammed," (that was his name) I said, "Probably, I'll never see you again, what can I do for you?" "Ah," he said, "there's something

you can do for me.” And I said, “What is it?” He says, “I want an American necktie.”

So I went back to the hotel and, frankly, I had not worn my American neckties there because they were so loud, and you just don’t wear them in Europe. So I packed up all the American neckties, and I had a sport coat. He came up, and I gave it to him. He was the happiest man I’ve ever seen. I never saw him again. This is the highlights of some of the things that happened in Europe, in France.

As a result of working with the French government in Morocco and making a survey on some of the mining properties and also the possibility of a teleferric that would go over the Atlas Mountains, I was later made a member of the French Legion of Honor, of which I am officier, or officer.

The country was fantastic. Marrakech with the snake charmers there, the people coming in from the mountains. They have the people who give the history of the country verbally, to groups. I think of going through the mountains, of staying in Marrakech itself at the former home of one of the pashas, where we occupied some of the rooms of his favorites. There was no one there at the time, of course. There are many little incidents like that give you a little bit of the flavor of the country.

Well, I returned to the United States, and wrote a report with Mr. Tyler. Oddly enough, in the report, we recommended that unless Europe could set up a trade union of its own and do away with some of the barriers that had taken place, they wouldn’t get too far. Of course, all that has come to pass. Also, we recommended that American funds not be spent in some countries where there would be in direct competition with the other countries and they could not meet the competitors in Europe. And as far as mining, we recommended, not too successfully, that

American funds not be spent for developing mines in Europe—mainly lead and zinc—whereby, in turn, this would mean that they would become competitive and could undersell the mineral products of the United States.

I don’t believe at all that you can compare the Marshall Plan with the foreign aid, as we are having now. When you consider the Marshall Plan, you have to realize that through lend-lease, we were giving Europe four or five billion a year. Then we had UNRRA, which was a program quite a bit the same. When we came up with what we called the Marshall Plan, it was to make the country self-sufficient.

We spent a great deal of money. And a lot of it was wasted, frankly. The reports that we made, Mr. Tyler and I, pointed out the waste. But anytime you give anything to people, you’re going to have a lot of waste on it. What the Marshall Plan really did was to revitalize Europe, to bring back industry in Germany, to create industry in Italy and in France. We see it at the present time, because those countries have come back and now are strong competitors to the United States in the foreign trade markets.

To me, the Marshall Plan was eminently successful in the overall. It’s like a growing child; you try to overlook its faults because in the overall picture, really what’s accomplished is what you’re interested in.

I think at that time they talked in terms of a union of Europe, which Mr. Tyler and I were very much interested in, and which we suggested. And, of course, now they have the Common Market in Europe, which at the present time is working out only fairly well, not too well.

We foresaw what might happen to the United States. In our report on returning, one section was that we felt that Europe should

be, under the Marshall Plan, developed in those things which they could develop, and that would not be in conflict with the United States, where we could develop it, or with needs in our economy. In other words, we foresaw the possibility that through the cheaper wages and materials, and so on, in time they might develop the things in Europe that we could not compete with. And understand that by the end of World War II, the United States had controlled about three-fourths of the export trade of the world. The development of these items would mean then the lessening of our exports, and we might run into a position that might be detrimental to the United States. It's odd, but some of this is coming to pass at the present time. We now find in the United States there is less than fourteen billion in gold. And gold, of course, has been the medium of exchange between nations, the balancing point on foreign trade. Yet, at that time, when we were in Europe, the United States had over twenty-four billion dollars worth of gold in the United States Treasury. Our concern, mine largely, was help, but don't help to the point that you're jeopardizing your own people, your own labor situation, and so on. I've watched this all the time since then, and I see that some of the things that we were afraid might happen, are happening at the present time.

One thing that we were afraid of has not happened. We were afraid that the development of new mines in those countries might, in turn, jeopardize the mines in the United States. We did see that for a time, through the lead-zinc production and so on. But at the present time the minerals in the United States are at an all-time high level as far as price structure is concerned, and the demand has kept pace on those.

Our theory was, my theory still is, that when you help people, in turn, those people

have to help themselves. Under the Marshall Plan—and many people still don't realize this—the money actually, or the goods, were not given to the individual. They were virtually given to the country. The country, in turn, sold it to the individual and used the money from the sale to their own people then for the development of government-owned electric plants, or whatever it was. So basically, the individual that bought the cattle, that bought the tractor, that developed his little mill or business and so on, was paying, and the money was going into the government, and the government was using it as they saw fit. That's the theory of the Marshall Plan. And it worked out quite well. To me it was much better than some of the money that we are giving as grants at the present time to various nations for budget-support and otherwise, are not accomplishing the same thing that was accomplished under the Marshall Plan.

TWO TERMS AS GOVERNOR OF NEVADA

POLITICS AND PROBLEMS

I never thought that I would be governor of the state of Nevada. In fact, the first time I ran for Congress, it was based on several conditions; one, that I attempted to purchase the interest of my uncle in the newspaper. He refused to sell. He had not wanted me to run, and inasmuch as he wouldn't sell me his interest in the paper I thought, well, I'd run for Congress and take a chance.

Returning to the United States early in 1950, I was visited in Washington by a delegation from Nevada, who wanted to know if I'd come back and run for governor. Now, this was after I had been defeated from Congress, and had been away over a year and a half from the State. I went to McCarran and told him frankly that I'd rather work on a committee, but he wanted me to run. And McCarran at that time, would have to run in 1950, too, for reelection. So along with the work that I was doing, he wanted to know if he could send me to Nevada to make a tour of the state and find out how things looked

politically, with the assurance that if I ran for governor, he would be behind me.

I came to Nevada, along in April. And at that time, Fred Horlacher, who had taken my place in the Nevada state senate, was thinking about running for governor, and so also was Ed Bender from Reno. I arrived in Carson City, borrowed a car from Archie Pozzi, and made a tour of the state. At that time, a man by the name of Bill Wright was thinking about running against McCarran, and McCarran wanted to find out if he really was going to run. I went and visited Bill Wright on his properties on the Mary's River out at Deeth, and found that while Bill was considering, that it was very unlikely that he would run. (Incidentally, Bill Wright did run later. He ran for the United States Senator in 1962, and was defeated.) I found that I still had many friends and also that it looked as if McCarran was fairly secure. I went back and reported that to him. Then Ed Converse came back to Washington and said he wanted me to run for governor. I said, "Well, I'll run for governor if I have \$5,000 in campaign funds before I

file,” because previous times had taken all the money I had to run for office, and frankly, it had been a losing proposition. Of course, McCarran’s big supporter that time was Norman Biltz and his crowd. Converse got in touch with Biltz, and Biltz said they would raise \$2,500 in the northern part of the state if Converse would raise \$2,500 in the southern part of the state.

I left Washington, by car, with the family. I arrived back in Nevada about the seventh of July, about a week before filing time. The money had been put up. Now Biltz and his group had raised \$2,500 and I found out later that Ed Converse had put up the entire \$2,500 himself, and that was put in the campaign fund.

A number had filed for governor on the Republican ticket, of which one was my close friend, Fred Horlacher, and another was Mr. Ed Bender, Sr., who was of the well-known family of Reno, and a very fine man, but he seemed to feel that he wouldn’t have a chance. Fred Horlacher was LDS, and there were those who thought that they didn’t know what he’d do when he got in office. And the result was I came through the primary with a majority and was nominated and ran for governor.

One of the regrettable things of that campaign in 1950, was that when they talked to me in Washington about the possibility of running for governor of Nevada, and I came out to Nevada and made the tour around the state, I had run into Fred Horlacher, and at that time had told him that I was not interested in running for governor. I had to come out largely to check on mining and also to see what the political climate of Nevada was. At that time, I had decided it wasn’t the opportune time. Going back to Washington, I was later persuaded to run for governor. It has always been one of the things that I regretted, frankly; that I indicated to Fred Horlacher

that I was not going to run. He got in the race, and then to come back and file against him hardly—let’s say it wasn’t sporting, but it wasn’t political.

Apparently it was just as well, because I don’t think that Fred would have had too much of a chance in the election. One reason is the LDS church. He was considered as being very conservative and so on, and he wouldn’t have had the, as much, shall we say of the liberal support, that I had. This was proved in the primary, which I carried very easily.

Then I went into the campaign, in which oddly enough, I was against Vail Pittman, who was then governor of the state of Nevada. I say “oddly enough,” because here I was; starting back in 1929, when I became editor of the Ely Record, Vail Pittman was editor of the Ely Daily Times. He after had run for state senator and was defeated.* I had run for assemblyman and had been elected. He had run for lieutenant governor and been elected. Then he had succeeded to, and later run for governor of Nevada and been elected, and I had run for Congress and been elected. It seemed inevitable that someday the two of us would be opposing each other in the election contest, because up until this time, we had not gone against each other. I, frankly, was aided in that contest by a split in the McCarran and Pittman factions in which many of the McCarran supporters in the Democratic party were for me.

I recall several things during the campaign. For instance, when I was in Washington, I had been cleared for security and, of course,

* Mr. Pittman served one term as state senator from White Pine County in 1920’s.

had attended a number of meetings in which they definitely knew that Russia had exploded some atom bombs. I'll never forget one meeting that was held in Boulder City in which Pittman and I both were to speak, and Pittman got up and said that he was sure that Russia did not have the atom bomb, and so on. It gave me a perfect, a nice set-up, in which I could get up and state why I knew they had, and that they were a power to be reckoned with, and so on. A few things like that contributed to my success.

Of course, too, it was an off year, and a Republican usually had a better chance in an off-year with a Democratic administration, and Truman was not sitting too well in the White House. So it's rather strange in a way, but Wally Warren handled my campaign—at the time we were good friends. It's also a matter of fact that Wally had been hired by a number of the business people and to back the right-to-work bill. In other words, his group were for the right-to-work bill. I remember that one of the things that I told Warren was that he would have to give up going ahead on the right-to-work bill, because I didn't want it to be confused with my campaign, which he did at that time.

It seemed that through those years, Vail Pittman and I were never close friends, as such. I admired Mrs. Pittman a great deal. I thought she was one of the finest women I'd ever known. I admired him but—shall I say that he made a good competitor, and he probably thought the same way about me. I do think that in his office of governor, he made a good governor for the state of Nevada, but it just seemed to be that one of these times that we would run against each other, and that happened then. That was back in 1950, and I was fortunate enough to defeat him. And at that time, as I say, it was through the help of some of the McCarran factions. However, in

1954, when I ran for governor again, and Mr. Pittman was again the Democratic candidate, and ran for governor, he had the support of Senator McCarran this time. It shows you how things can change and unfold in politics in the state of Nevada. That time I was elected largely due to the gambling scandal that cropped up in southern Nevada, which I will tell about later.

McCarran was running for reelection to the United States Senate at that time, and he also was elected. I went into office then as governor of the state of Nevada on the first day of January, in 1951. In fact, I was sworn into office quietly on that day, by Justice Milton Badt in a ceremony at my home, because there was some question in the minds of several people as to the legality of being sworn in, and on what day. Of course, the subsequent day, I was sworn in formally in the Supreme Court.

The highlights of those first four years, the battles, the troubles, the difficulties were many. On being elected governor, I was faced with many—shall we say obstacles?—because the last Republican governor had been acting Governor Morley Griswold, who went out of office at the end of 1934; there had been a lapse of sixteen years. The Democrats were permanently entrenched. One of the difficulties then was trying to get together an office force.

I named Chet Smith as my budget director; McCarran had asked me if I would do this, speaking frankly. Another thing, Chet Smith and I had always been good friends. I was best man at his wedding in Washington D. C., had known him for many years.

Well, immediately after I had named Chet Smith, I had a meeting with the Republican party in Reno. I'll never forget that Les Gray got up and just ate me out for naming a Democrat in my administration. I pointed

out that any Republican, in order to serve as governor, had to use a blending of the two parties if he wanted to hold the party together, and so on. I also named Bob Allen, a Democrat, who had been very strong in my campaign as head of the Public Service Commission.

A young woman by the name of Katherine Kastris had been active in the businesswomen's clubs and in the campaign; not on my say-so, but entirely on her own. When I went into office, I was asked to appoint Katherine Kastris as one of the stenographers in the office, which I did. Then I sought someone, preferably from Las Vegas, a man who would be my office assistant, and came upon Ralph Thomas. He was in the real estate business, and had been very cooperative and helpful to me in the campaign. So I named Ralph then as the executive assistant to be in charge of the office. Of course, Miss Kastris worked under him.

I had several other girls who were very loyal, but in the case of Miss Kastris I made a serious mistake. I found out that she was meeting with people who were attempting to get licenses from the state of Nevada. I was chairman, of course, of the Nevada State Tax Commission, which in the first couple of years was the licensing body, until such time as the gambling control board was set up. Then the gambling control board had to approve, and we had a check and balance. The names also had to be approved of, and the licenses granted, by the Nevada State Tax Commission, a system which is still largely in force.

Miss Kastris, I found out, had been meeting with Doc Stacher and several gamblers who were attempting to gain a gambling license. I discharged her from my office and told her that under the circumstances, that she could not be working for me, and she was somewhat put out. I gave her two hours to get all her stuff and get out of the office.

Stacher came before me on an extradition case, in which a state had demanded his return, and I signed the papers for extradition. Immediately, through White Pine County he brought it up before a district judge there, who's no longer in office. The judge overruled me, and Stacher was allowed to stay in the state of Nevada. Now, there was the supposition that funds somewhere along the line had been exchanged, but I had no concrete evidence of that. I do know that shortly thereafter I was in Las Vegas, and I went out to one of the hotels, took a steam bath, and Mr. Stacher was in the steam bath, the only one. He sat on one side; I sat on the other. I outlasted him, and he left. Pretty soon, the attendant came in, and he says, "Mr. Stacher doesn't think you should stay in here so long. You may ruin your health."

After I fired her, Miss Kastris immediately took up with a man by the name of Tony Cornero sometimes known as Tony Estralla, who at one time was called king of the gambling boats on the offshore gambling in the state of California. He had come to Nevada and was trying to put the Stardust Hotel deal into operation, which was a stock gimmick. In other words, hundreds of thousands of dollars in stock were sold and the hotel was built and Cornero was attempting to get a license. However, I had personally stated that my opinion was that he was not fit to have a license in the state of Nevada, and I know that I was backed up in this by some of the members of the Commission. However, prior to the time that the Stardust Hotel was completed, Cornero was shaking dice in the Desert Inn at one time, and dropped dead. And, of course, that ended that. It also ended any influence that Miss Kastris had with the Tony Cornero crowd. But whatever became of her after that, I don't know.

The Stardust, of course, went into default and a referee was appointed, and the stockholders lost a great deal of their money. It was later bought out and taken over by the Desert Inn group, where many had control of the Desert Inn club in Las Vegas.

Ralph Thomas started out with me, as I stated, as my assistant. I found that Ralph was capable, but Ralph also was reporting to Norman Biltz and some of the people on happenings that were going on in the office. It reached the point where Ralph was more ambitious for himself than he was either for me or for the office. In 1954, when he announced that he would like to run for Congress, I said, "Well, that being the case it would be better for you to resign and make your preparations." He did not run for Congress, but later became associated for a time with Norman Biltz and a group, and later on his own. I don't know what has become of Ralph Thomas. He is no longer in the area.

Next Art Suverkrup was with me. Art was an old newspaperman from Gardnerville, and we had wonderful workability all the time that he was with me. In fact, we became very close friends. We thought very much alike and he was a valuable assistant to me. He became ill and had to resign. Then Robert Hughes was with me for not too long a period. He was a very capable person, but unbeknownst to me he had a background of alcoholism. While Bob was excellent on the job, he got off the wagon. I returned from a trip once to find out that he had completely gone overboard, and that the office was somewhat in confusion, and Hughes then had to be taken to the hospital. And it was impossible for him to return. Then Mae Morrison, who had worked for me for many years in the office was named as my assistant, and served until I left the office. She was very fine, considerate, and a

very capable person. I point this merely out to show that sometimes the level of people, even in your office, probably are level on the outside, and that their personalities or their personal lives or ambitions enter into it, to the detriment of whoever is governor, and also to the detriment of the state of Nevada.

When I came into office, the first problem after settling the appointments was in trying to work out the message to the legislature, which would meet within less than three weeks after I went into office. The budget work and so on, was terrific, and made harder in that Mr. Pittman was so sure that he would win that, after I had defeated him, I couldn't get in his office. In fact, I was not able to get a key to the office or get any information until the day after I was sworn in. And also the same went as far as the mansion. So you can imagine I pulled as many people as I could together to try to present a message in the budget. Here I was, had been out of the state, and been not connected directly with it since the time I went into Congress, and then trying to get together in a short time.

Looking back sometimes, it seems nearly insurmountable. Then when I was defeated in '58 by Grant Sawyer, I realized what I had been through. We invited the governor and his wife to the mansion to go through it, so they'd know what it was like. And I set up an office in the state capitol for him that any meetings or sources of material and everything would be available to him. I know what I went through, and I would never want another person to go through what I did. Mr. Pittman was very bitter, and probably rightly so, which is neither here nor there.

In those days, of course, the salary of the governor started out at, I believe it was \$7,600 a year, and they increased that to \$9,200 or \$9,600. The salaries were not comparable at all to what they are at the present time.

The mansion needed a great number of repairs, and they allowed a minimum of dollars for it. In fact, we had to send most of the furniture to the prison and have it recovered, rather than order new furniture.

The number of things that I had campaigned on, of course, I took into consideration in the message. I found out, and covered in the message, the fact that the state would have, at that time, about a million dollars in surplus.

At that time, there was a possibility of the oil and gas producing properties within the state of Nevada, because as we recall it was back in 1949 and 1950 that we had the big swing in Nevada, where a number of wells were drilled, and the hopes were running high. At that time, I recommended to the legislature, if and when the oil productions were brought into the state of Nevada, that we would impose what we call a severance tax. In other words, a tax that would be based on the production of oil. This, of course, is going back fifteen years, and although there has been extensive drilling, Nevada produces a small amount of oil, all at present being in Railroad Valley in Nye County.

I was always interested in the Nevada state mental hospital. I had recommended that the responsibility be placed under the superintendent of the hospital. We had the existing condition, which was the running fight then between the personnel at the hospital as to management and as to the superintendent. Recommended also was the improvement of the state prison, the state prison farm, that additional water be made available, improvements to the orphans' home, which was completely under the state welfare department and which I had no authority except as to recommendation of the budget funds.

One of the most controversial issues which came out of my message to the legislature at that time was the "family responsibility" law. I had urged that people, a family who could have the responsibility of taking care of their own children or parents, and so on, should in turn pay a part of the cost for care. This included the patients in the mental hospital, and orphans' home, and so on.

I recall that one of the closest friends I had was Mrs. Glenn Duncan, whose husband I had known for years, who was a teacher in White Pine High School, and who used to work for me on the Ely Record. She then went to the state welfare department, to work for them in White Pine County, and later in the western part of the state. Mrs. Duncan wrote me a very vehement letter at that time, in which she stated that I was all wrong on this, and that the family should not share in the responsibility of the children. It was one of those things that I sometimes take a little personally, because it was a friend of many years standing, somebody that worked for me and we had a division of opinion, however small it was.

Also covered was the difference in the state offices, and the recommendation that the constitution be changed, and the office of surveyor general be abolished. This later on was accomplished, and the remaining duties placed under jurisdiction of the state engineer. Now the reason this was done, as I covered in the message, was that at that time, in 1951, only 8,000 acres of land were available for purchases from the state of Nevada. Through the years, and frankly through the state government that had been in office, the officials in state government had seen to it that vast acreages of the land of the state of Nevada had been sold to individuals. Speaking very frankly, much of this land had

been transferred in exchange for land in the Clark County area. A number of state officials became very wealthy on the land that they accumulated. The records show that in 1938, the state had approximately 400,000 acres of land to administer. This, as I say, in 1951, had been cut down to 8,000 for sale. Then there remained some 33,000 acres, and of this 33,000 acres, 25,000 acres were involved in exchanges for land for different individuals, which left a total then of 8,000. This, to me is one of the low points in Nevada history, because the land had been given to the state of Nevada as having a land-grant college, and much of this land went for a very minimum. And such people as Red McLeod and other state officials (this is easily a matter of record) had obtained these large acreages, especially in Clark County, which made them wealthy people.

At that time in 1951, the state of Nevada was, of course, receiving the electric power from the Hoover Dam and also from Davis Dam. And at that time, most of the power was being sold to California, and Nevada was unable to use all that was allocated to it. And this, in the ensuing years rapidly changed to the point where additional power facilities, steam generation, had to be developed in southern Nevada.

I advocated a state automobile pool. I thought then that all cars be placed under the pool, and could be used on a specified purpose. This was not adopted by the legislature. Also advocated the publishing of state bills in order that the people should know where their money was spent.

One of the things that were most interesting during that session was that the fact Congress had passed the law limiting the term of President to two terms, two full terms of eight years. It needed, of course, thirty-six

states to ratify the amendment to make it a constitutional amendment. It was during this time that we found out that here Nevada was the thirty-sixth state to ratify the amendment. But we found that the Utah legislature was meeting at the same time, and through the correspondence with the Utah legislature, we asked if they would withhold until Nevada, being the thirty-sixth state, could be the thirty-sixth state to ratify the amendment. And through courtesy of Utah, this was done, and we received quite a large national publicity then on it. And I'll never forget that in many of the coverages that we had in some of the national magazines that there were pictures of the three of us; Lieutenant Governor Cliff Jones, a Democrat, and John Koontz, secretary of state, putting the seal on it. I had pictures taken of the signing.

On January twenty-fourth, I presented my budget request to the legislature, in which I had followed the system in vogue. That was of a generalized budget that came in from each department. It would come to the governor and the budget director and then, putting down what the various agencies had asked, and then in turn making a recommendation to the legislature. The budget was, all through my different terms of office, somewhat conservative, and was carried out largely by the legislature.

On going in to office in 1951, Billy Holcomb, a Democrat, had been state highway engineer and he had campaigned, naturally, in support of the administration, which was proper for him to do. And the Highway Department then, as always, comes under scrutiny by the people. On going into office, I couldn't see where we could carry on under Billy Holcomb, a Democrat, where Pete Meriardo, the state controller, and I were two Republicans. So we met with the state

contractors and they highly recommended Huston Mills, a Republican, who was then deputy state highway engineer. So Pete and I went and called on Huston Mills and he said yes, he'd be glad to take it. He had a vast experience. But he made the request that Billy Holcomb be made his deputy. And Billy Holcomb was very well liked, of course, by the employees. Personally I've always liked him, too, as had Pete Merialdo. In order to carry out smoothly, we named Billy Holcomb as deputy state highway engineer. I point these things out because they related later on to the personnel act, whereby the two would not be covered by it. We thought in terms of a personnel act to get away from the log-rolling of whoever would be in the administration.

Getting back to the appointments that were made at that time, because they were all made during the session and immediately following it, I named Bob Allen, a Democrat, who had been strongly for me, who had been many things. He had been in charge of the WPA program. He had been state highway engineer. He had been state engineer, in charge of water development and controversies of water in Nevada, among other things. He was a man who was entirely honest, and who I thought was qualified. Likewise in those named, I tried to have a balance of Democrats and Republicans. For instance, Paul Hammel, who continued on as state insurance commissioner. Paul Hammel and I have been close friends since the time that he came first to Lincoln County, and then to White Pine County in charge of CCC camps. In fact, while in Lincoln County he had married Mary Sweatt, a Nevada girl, and we became very close friends of theirs while we were in Ely.

Likewise, I had named Bob Clark, who was then in the state highway department, as head of the Nevada state highway patrol.

Bob, a Democrat, an ex-marine, has passed away. I thought he would be good for it, and he was. The only trouble that he had was that he had an Irish temper, and flared easily. Some of his language at times was rather rough on individuals, but he maintained a rather close hand over the state highway patrol.

I found out that a driver had been allocated to especially to the governor. Being somewhat younger then, and not wanting some of the frills, I guess—that went with the job—I insisted then this man be released. I would drive my own car except on such times as I would need a driver on official visits, and then I would use one of the state highway patrolmen.

It was also during this time that we talked in terms of an economic development set-up, which would subsequently created. Pete Kelly, who had been the administrative assistant to George Malone in Washington, and had been a former newspaper editor, was named as the head of that department. I made the trip to Washington to ask him if he would be interested. He was, very much, and accepted the position. Pete, of course, was a Republican. This then, covers largely the special interests and things that took place in the 1951, or the forty-fifth session of the Nevada state legislature.

I realized at that time, of course, that Nevada was just beginning its growth. Financially, there were few problems. We had, as I said, a surplus of about a million dollars. We were working on a semi-stringent basis and the demands for the explosion, which came largely from education, were to come up in the next few years.

Skipping over now to the next session of the legislature after going for two years, and having probably a more comprehensive view

as to the state of Nevada in my message to the Nevada state legislature on January 23, 1953. It's interesting to note that what I said then in part might be attributed even today; "we're still in an unsettled economic condition brought about largely by the existing national emergency of fighting first, an undeclared war (of course that's referring back at the time to the Korean episode), and secondly, the spread of communism and other forms of totalitarianism which would strike and undermine our form of government. To me there could be no compromise on a national or state level with communism, or other ideologies contrary to the American freedom we have learned to love and cherish. Here it is, thirteen years later, and the same thing could be said at the present time.

Also at this time (1953), we were starting in our growth factor. I noted that in state finances, unprecedented demands for funds were coming from all the state departments and for state agencies. I recommended at that time that the salary increases be made for the elected and appointed offices and employees. I also—in this day and age when you think more in terms of the encroachment of the federal government on states—spoke to them rather on home rule and stated that the greatest cry against centralization is voiced against the expansion of the federal government. I went on to state I felt that the people of the state should be responsible for the government in the state, as well as the county people should in their own counties, and the cities in theirs. And this is one of the things that we've run up against at the present time. Some things have not changed.

After being chairman of the Nevada state tax commission for the two years, I urged in '53 that tighter control be given to the state tax commission as to the licensing and regulating of gambling in Nevada. I recommended

that—something that still hasn't been carried out—every license applicant should be at least a six-month resident of the state of Nevada. Also, among other things, that the gambling establishments keep on file, under oath, a report on the listing of the owners, stockholders, shareholders. This, of course, goes back to hidden interest. Also that all persons, owners, employees, and others mentioned should be required to provide fingerprints of themselves, and these made available to the local police or sheriff at the request of the commission. Of course, this is done as to the major owners; the owners are fingerprinted and their records cleared. Several of the counties have followed through on the fingerprinting of the employees in it.

And then also I asked for serious consideration to eliminate horse race books as a legalized form of gambling in Nevada. To me, this is something that apparently seemed to be tied in with the underworld more than anything else. So you can see from that, that I was not the fair-haired boy as far as the gambling interest is concerned!

It's interesting to note that of some of the major things that have taken place—and I go back to recount now the state purchasing, the personnel act, the economic development committee and set up in the state of Nevada where all things that I had advocated and all come to pass—are now firmly entrenched in the state government. I will elaborate on some of these later.

Now the 1951 legislature had passed a resolution calling for the abolishment of the office of surveyor general. And then this asked again to be passed by the forty-sixth session to go on the general ballot the next election, which it did, and eliminated then in the next two years that office, with the materials turned over to the state engineer's office where it should have been.

Here for the first time we were encountering then the growth of Nevada public schools, and I pointed this out in the recommendation, and stated that more funds would be needed. I urged the legislature to consider new proposals for state aid to schools, getting back to the old ADA in the classroom, and that the more money would be needed shortly for the building up of the schools in Nevada to meet the requirements.

Getting back then to some of the special things. On January 13, 1953, the budget was prepared and submitted to the legislature, on a line basis for the first time. This was highly criticized at the time, but we thought the legislature and the public should have a clear request, clear view as to where their money was going, and as to what was needed. This was submitted on the opening day of the legislature because we wanted to make an impact on them. The volume was huge, of course, I'll never forget that Ken Johnson, then state senator of Ormsby County, when the budget was received in the senate, got up on the floor and waved it, and he said, "Well, we have Governor Russell's Montgomery Ward catalog!" which I resented somewhat because of the amount of work that was done in the budget office. It stated in my message, "For the first time the budget submitted for this year includes nearly as complete a breakdown of expenditures, even to minor items, as has been possible to obtain." And, "The first time in the history of the state, it includes the past performance and the estimated expenditures of every state agency, regardless of whether a general fund appropriation is required or whether the revenue is from sources other than the general fund."

I've always been that way. I've felt that people should know basically where the money has been going and what is needed and I've always regulated my own personal life in the same way.

The session was general. I don't specifically remember any great controversies that took place during that time. Of course, the journals of the senate and the assembly list the bills that were passed and so on. I touch on this briefly because it was a session that wasn't entirely exciting, but it was more routine in nature. It was followed by a special session in 1954 that was more interesting. I will discuss part of that session when I discuss education.

One of the reasons for the calling of the special session in 1954 was that in 1953, the legislature passed a series of acts designed to place the operations of the counties on a fiscal year basis, instead of a calendar year basis. And although this had been gone over carefully and had been signed into law we found out, for instance, there were many loopholes in these. To make the law applicable and workable, special amendments had to be passed to that act. It was a matter of pride that the special session covered three things; the additional funds for the schools, the money for the education survey, and the clarification of the fiscal year change-over from the calendar year, and was able to adjourn at the end of five days.

Getting back to the session of 1951 and '53, where everything seemed to be very harmonious, and was, to a main degree, you have to realize that many of the accomplishments were drastic changes as far as the state of Nevada was concerned. And that things like the state purchasing act which had been passed, was bitterly fought by some of the groups. Their contention was that Californians, for instance, could come in and underbid the Nevada firms. There were amendments which had been drafted, which never passed both sessions, which would try to create a differential then between the Nevada bidders, and those from out of state. That, of course, would have wrecked the intent to a state purchasing act.

And then also where suppliers of either cars or heavy equipment and so on fought it bitterly, because they thought that they would lose their right of tenure, I guess, in furnishing the highway department, especially, and the state in selling goods. I know that even some of the smaller equipment places—on desks and writing materials and so on—complained, so that when I intimate that these were passed, it was done after a lot of hard work. The same thing with the personnel act, which, thank goodness, in the '53 session, we had the backing of the state employees solidly behind it. Yet at the same time there were those who were indoctrinated in the old log-rolling system, who felt that no one should be blanketed in on a job. Of course, they would have to take tests relative to their ability to fill the positions. So that ran into quite a bit of opposition, and Jeff Springmeyer and his group in the legislative counsel swung behind us, and we were able to put it over. There is nothing done that is done that is a new change without a controversy.

We go back to the state car pool, which came after I went out of office, but we were never able to be able to convince the legislature that this was necessary. For instance, on the purchasing of cars, we were able to get what we call fleet discounts directly from the factories themselves, and we purchased the cars, despite the rising inflation, for less money than the cars had been purchased in previous years for the state of Nevada.

The 1955 session was filled with controversies. I will talk of education and gambling later. There were a number of interesting problems.

At this time, the Nevada Southern University had grown so much that I asked for the funds for a new building for Nevada Southern and also for a new highway building for Carson City. This latter did not come about

until I left office, but it's interesting to note that back in '55 I had foreseen the need and had asked for the same.

When I was a member of the state legislature, I had several times introduced the bills for the aid to dependent children, and I pointed out in my message to the legislature that Nevada was the only one of the forty-eight states that did not have an aid to dependent children act. I stated I always consistently had favored such an act. This was passed over quite a bit of opposition in the Nevada state legislature.

Looking back, it's rather strange. I think of myself as conservative, and yet at that time I was probably looking forward to things that were needed; in other words, advocating greater welfare payments and such things as aid to dependent children, interested in the building up as far as education is concerned and meeting the needs of the state, yet conservative and trying to hold down other expenses and all. Sometimes it's a wonder to me that I got along as well as I did, inastute as I had the conservative trend, yet at the same time, was thinking in terms of things that might benefit the people as a whole. That sounds kind of Pollyanna, but I mean to say that going through this, it's rather interesting.

In the forty-seventh session, on January 24, 1955, I presented my budget message to the legislature. I recall that at one point I said, "The phenomenal growth of our state and decrease in federal grants has placed a heavier burden on the state, and has not only resulted in the acute condition we face in financing education, but has also required the need of increasing other state services in proportion to the thirty-six percent increase in population."

And then, at this time, I was faced with the proposition that we would need a new source of revenue for the state of Nevada.

I had received material from all over, and from different states, and I recommended to the legislature that they carefully review the gross transactions tax of Indiana and business activities tax of Michigan, to see whether they would be applicable to Nevada.

Now the gross transaction tax is what we call a hidden sales tax. It is a tax that is paid on the gross of the different businesses. I thought this would be more equitable, because it would cover all businesses in the state of Nevada, and the revenue in turn would be substantial. However, frankly, I apparently was attempting to evade the issue a little bit as far as a sales tax was concerned, because this would be a direct tax on the people. Looking back, I kind of wish I had taken a little bit different approach, because in advocating the gross transaction tax which would have been a hidden sales tax, I said to the legislature that I personally felt that every avenue for additional revenue should be explored before considering a direct sales tax. In other words, it looks as if politically I was evading the head-on clash with the sales tax. However, I did say, "When in your wisdom you decide which type of revenue measure is best to meet Nevada needs, I will sign it. Of course, it's history now. The other was considered, and they wouldn't go along for it. The two sales taxes were introduced, one of which was a direct two percent, which we have at this time, and the other would have been increased to two and a half or three percent, and it would have eliminated drugs and groceries.

There was quite a fight that took place in the legislature, and finally the two percent overall was adopted, which I think has worked out very well as far as revenue is concerned to Nevada. And I signed the bill into law. I'll never forget it, because for the next couple of years even when people went to buy things in the stores or even when I did, they'd add it

up and then they'd add the tax, and they said, "And now this is two percent for Charlie." This is something that used to embarrass me, but it was something I couldn't live down. I used to counter by stating, "Do you want your children to go to school? If you do, then you have to supply the necessary funds for them.

In going back and checking on the controller's report for the first year of the sales tax, I find that the revenue from the sales tax for the first year brought in over six and a half million dollars (\$6,699,076.44), showing that it did bring to the state the needed extra money.

In 1955, I asked for and received funds for the state park commission, which had been inoperative for a number of years, and of which I named Thomas W. Miller as chairman. Through this then, we entered upon a program of preserving the parks and historical monuments in the state of Nevada; something that should have taken place years ago, and which was one of the things that I insisted on. I think those are the highlights, as far as the 1955 session were concerned.

We now turn to the special session of 1956. At best, special sessions are a headache, but there are times when there is a need for them. Again, invoking the constitutional authority I had, I called a special session of the Nevada state legislature in February of 1956.

In that message I set forth the reasons for the calling of the session, One, of course, was the 1921 absent voters law to clarify the voting rights of Nevada residents within the District of Columbia. We had found out that the district judges in the state of Nevada were traveling to their various courts or being called in by other district judges to provide service, and would run entirely out of appropriated money for traveling. I asked for a \$5,000 travel expense for the judges.

Among other things were the amendments of the 1929 brand inspection law, a bill for the acquisition of a joint armory and community building to Reno, a bill to authorize the sale of the Clark County court house bonds, a bill to amend the Reno city charter, a bill to amend the Lincoln County district flood control, and a bill providing for the transfer of water rights to the University of Nevada, a bill amending the 1953 Lander County salary act, and a bill to appropriate \$2,651 of payments for a bill against the public service commission.

I find in this special session that I was continually besieged by requests to add to the things that the session could consider. During the session, as things came up, I added some. I asked for more money for the Nevada state prison in another message, and some local bills. Then as late as February tenth, I asked for additional money of \$110,000 for the welfare department to increase the monthly average of five dollars in benefit pay to Nevada's aged persons. Again, I point out that for some reason I was always the conservative, and yet the person asking for more welfare funds. Then on the thirteenth, there was a request for the authorization of the bonds for the Washoe County Medical Center and so on.

In a special session, of course, you try to hold down as much as you can the things that came before it, but apparently I was caught in on a number of smaller bills or local bills that people wanted brought up. As a consequence, instead of having a session that ran for five days as the first special session did, I found myself engaged in about twenty-one or -two days. In fact, it was adjourned at the end of the twentieth day, which was the legal amount that a special session could sit.

Still staying on the 1956 special session, one of the things that I asked for was an emergency appropriation of \$619,223 for the University to meet the need for increased

salaries and increased staff. This was one of the main reasons of the session. The University of Nevada was in a dire condition, even as it was a year ago due to the increased enrollment, which is a complete turnabout from the situation that had taken place when I first went in, in 1950, when the enrollment at Nevada was down.

Another reason for the '56 session was remedial legislation prepared by the legislative bill drafter, some twenty-one bills which dealt with the school situation. Those were to remedy some of the changes that were needed at that time.

Also I recommended to the special session a sixty-five mile per hour speed limit in the state of Nevada. At that time the traffic fatalities in Nevada were 146 in 1954, and 153 in 1955. Of course, we were appalled at the rate then, which was probably higher than the rate according to population at the present time. So I recommended that the speed limit be placed at sixty-five miles per hour. Also I recommended that the highway patrol be relieved of conducting all the driver license examinations. They would be relieved then to be on the road to watch for accidents. Incidentally, the latter finally took place, but as for the sixty-five mile per hour speed limit, it was very controversial, and I came out on the short end.

Going now to 1957, my message to the legislature at that time stated that Nevada was the fastest-growing state in population, percentage-wise, in the nation. Here again was the explosion in Nevada, which, of course, has been augmented since then. I pointed out that in 1950, when I was first elected, the state was 160,000, and the population as of 1957, was 325,000. I pointed out that Nevada had doubled its population, and then I pointed out that it would reach 325,000 the next year, in the period since 1950. And you can imagine

paving the way for the growth and all, what the state was up against. Of course, since then, it has risen from the 325 figure to, I guess, over 480,000 the present time.

I pointed out that the sales tax would bring in \$19,250,000 in the general fund in the next two years, which has shown then the increase in sales tax, reflecting back to the five or six and a half million dollars for the first year. This is the growth of the state. I also said that the schools, including the University of Nevada, would take 67.9 percent of the budget needs, welfare 7.7 percent, and altogether 75.6 percent. In other words, we entered into the general turnover. The state had become education-conscious, and, good or bad (I think probably good), it meant that the burden would have to be met by the people of the state of Nevada. I might point out that by holding down the other expenditures, by the time of the next session in 1959, shortly after I was out of office, that there had built up revenues in the state of Nevada of approximately \$14,000,000.

Now there are two theories on that. One is you should live up to the money, due to the inflation and so on, or that you should have a kitty of money in order to meet the needs as they arise in the state. I was the more conservative type that felt that if we had the money, then in turn, we could do things with it without drawing more heavily upon the people of Nevada in taxation.

This (1957) was probably the shortest message to the legislature that I had given in a regular session. I think that things seemed to be rolling along quite well, and that we had, through the sales tax, money in the treasury to meet the needs.

This was the forty-eighth session of the Nevada state legislature, which convened in Carson City on January 21, 1957. And it's interesting to note that in my budget message

to the legislature at that time, I pointed out that while our income was greater at this time, that demands for funds were also greater. Again the fact of the rapid growth within the state of Nevada. Again asking for the increase in salaries. This resulted from the fact that through the Personnel Department, we had authorized a survey of salaries that would be equal to salaries in industry. So I called for the increase of salaries for the state personnel.

There are many problems being governor, but, of course, there are some compensations for it outside the state of Nevada. I think one of the greatest of these is the Governor's Conference that is held yearly, when all the governors of all the states get together and spend a week in a host city, go over their mutual problems, and learn from one another. And it's a business meeting.

The first of these, I'll never forget, was in 1951, in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. And at that time, my wife and I flew back on commercial lines alone and attended the meetings and enjoyed it. At that time, we became very close friends of Sherman Adams, who was later to become Eisenhower's personal assistant. And, of course, back in those days, Earl Warren was governor of California; Harriman was governor of New York; Stevenson was governor of Illinois. So in turn, so many of the men that became names in the history of the times were represented at the meeting.

In 1952, the second conference was held in Houston, Texas. Each governor was allowed a party of six to take to a conference and the rooms, meals, and entertainment would be entirely free, paid for by the host state. On the second conference, our guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Isbell. In fact, we flew down in Mr. Isbell's "Twin Beach" to Houston. Then, I asked the lieutenant governor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Jones, to be guests also.

In the state of Nevada, different interests had pledged \$70,000 if we could have the Governor's Conference in Nevada. I made a presentation to try to get the national conference in Nevada at that meeting, but Seattle, Washington, came up with more money and was awarded the meeting.

Mr. Jones, had, on his own, asked several people to go at their own expense to the Houston meeting. One of them was Benny Goffstein, who was then connected with the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. It was somewhat embarrassing to me when I was notified by the Texas police that Mr. Goffstein had used my driver. Each governor is given a car to use, with a patrolman, and he used my patrolman to visit a gambling place in Galveston, Texas. They reported it, said it was most embarrassing to them, and wanted to know what I could do about it. So I immediately issued orders that the car was just to be used by my wife and I. And it was very embarrassing.

The Houston meeting was at a time when the Republicans were torn between supporting Taft and Eisenhower. And I, frankly, from the start, had been very much in favor of Eisenhower. I had a great deal of admiration for Taft, but I thought that Taft didn't have the ability to be elected President, the personal appeal to the people. I didn't think the American people were ready for some of the more conservative ideas that Taft had, as compared to Eisenhower. At the meeting in Houston, we found that a large number of the governors were very strong for Taft, and a few of us were for Eisenhower.

The convention was to be held in Chicago. It was to be a close convention, largely as to the projecting the personalities of the people. I met first, my wife and I, with Governor John Lodge. We found out that he was for Eisenhower, and discussed how we could help put Eisenhower over. At the second

meeting, we met then with Tom Dewey and three or four others. At that time, we decided on getting out a form of a petition to the convention, which would break open the convention and give Eisenhower a chance to project his personality more. We called it the "fair play petition." Each of the four or five governors who were there were given names to contact among the other governors. Not stating, "Well, we want you to be for Eisenhower," but "We want Eisenhower to have equal opportunity as far as your candidate, if you are for Taft." We were able then to get the bulk of the governors signed on the petition, and we got it up to the Republican national headquarters. I think in many ways it was a link that started breaking over whereby Eisenhower, in turn, received the nomination in Chicago.

Coming back to the state of Nevada after the convention, and being an Eisenhower man, I ran into somewhat serious opposition from people in my own party including, for instance, Les Gray. Now, Les Gray had supported me for Congress and had also supported me when I ran for governor, but as I said, had been quite provoked when I had named Chet Smith as budget director, Chet, of course, being a Democrat, although he was a long-time personal friend of mine.

We met in Tonopah for the Republican state convention. General Wedemeyer had been brought up to speak on behalf of Taft. The convention was pretty evenly divided, and it ended up that the delegates were selected, half of them for Taft, and half for Eisenhower. I was not selected as a delegate, because the practice in those years was that the governors or the members of Congress who had seats anyway within the convention—although not votes—were not. It was better to give the delegate seats to the people from what we call the grass roots, who had worked for the party.

Of course, the outcome of the convention is well-known, and Eisenhower, of course, got the nomination. Nixon was named for vice president. I think probably the worst thing that ever happened as far as Eisenhower ever was concerned was that he agreed then and later named Earl Warren as the Chief Justice of the United States, which I will always hold as a serious mistake, in the light of what has transpired since that time.

Incidentally, I was chairman of the Western Governors' Conference for four years and on the executive committee of the Governors' Conference for a year, which threw me in contact with the governors, western governors, especially.

PERSONNEL ACT

Returning now to the early days of my administration as governor, there were a number of things that I had advocated; among them was that the state have a personnel act which would protect those people who have worked for years for the state of Nevada.

In the 1951 state legislature, the personnel act was promoted largely through Jeff Springmeyer. He was then the representative of the legislative counsel, which was composed of members of both the senate and of the assembly. The act wasn't, I didn't think, justly written to accomplish some of the needs. In any government, the governor should have the right of appointing the heads of any department, and also the sub-head. The people working for the state then should have the protection of continuity in their work. In other words, if you're building a strong government, then you have to waive the old log-rolling of everybody being of the same party and throwing out the entire personnel of the different departments.

The act was debated at length and some changes were made. By the time it came to my desk, I did not feel that it properly would protect the workers of the state, or would give whoever was the administrative head of the state, the authority of enough control over the departments. While they say that any governor would like to maintain his own people, just as he would like to make changes and improvements, he could not. It would be handled entirely by the heads of the departments, of which many had been for a number of years.

As a result, I vetoed the personnel act and, as a matter of record, the reason I vetoed can easily be ascertained. However, I very much wanted to have a personnel act in the state, and it followed that in 1953, the act was redrawn and was satisfactory. It was placed in operation, and is in operation at the present time. Now that act has been tested several times in the court, where the people have been fired without reason, who were protected under it. In each instance, the court has upheld the individual, giving, I think, a better basis to the people working for the state, where they could have continuity and where they were protected as far as their jobs were concerned. At the same time, the act gives the governor the power, or the boards the power— whichever has appointive power—to have some people they could trust or believe in, heading those divisions. I say also board because in case of the state highway department, for instance, the highway director and his deputy director were appointed by a board which consists of the governor, the state controller, and the attorney general. Then several other appointments are made by the boards in which the governor has only a part.

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

On the purchasing department, I found in the campaign in 1950, for instance, that purchases were made all over the state of Nevada, largely as political plums, rather than the state getting the most value for their money. In '51, I had proposed, and we had passed the act on the state purchasing department, which was set up. This saved the state thousands of dollars, because they placed on bid such things as cars, and gasoline, and fuel oil, in fact, on all the major purchases that could be used by the state. It had started out mainly on larger items, and then came down as the years went on to the purchasing of the smaller items, also.

In any department you have some trouble in the start. The personnel act seemed to swing off quite well after its passage in '53, and became effective. In the purchasing department, the man I first had to head it up proved to be very efficient. But at the same time I had to ask for his resignation for the fact that he had a brother who was drawing a check which would make him come under the nepotism act of the state of Nevada. So we had a change there to the present head of the purchasing department. Francis Brooks was named, and continued into the Sawyer administration as head of the department, which shows that it has been very effective.

Rather interesting was that when I went into office, I was frankly told that if the state of Nevada would purchase some of their heavy equipment—tractors and so on—from a specific company that in turn, it had been a custom for years that approximately two percent of the purchase price would be put into a governor's fund. It would be used by the governor and made available to him when he ran for office again. I stated that this would not be done, and

this same group in the legislature fought the purchasing department. Under the purchasing act it could not be done, and consequently then, I lost some of my closest supporters of my first election, who were against me then when I ran for office in the second election.

In fact, the people who came to me in this case were the people that handled the Caterpillar equipment, the Sanford brothers. Later, of course, they realized the value to the purchasing department. However, it shows that a system had been brought up in the state of Nevada, and similar to other states, where funds were made available for political purpose, ostensibly by those who were selling equipment to the state. I use this only as one example to show the transition that took place under the act.

There are other examples, too. I had a friend who was very strong for me in the election of 1950, who was a Ford dealer in Lovelock, Nevada. His name was Dee Winchell, now passed away. And Dee stopped me during the campaign and he said well, the state had their people out. "They said if I would support the Pittman administration, that they would purchase a couple of Fords from me." They were doing that all over the state of Nevada.

After I was elected, for instance, I had a man in Battle Mountain who sent word to me from his store that the state highway department was buying, for that vicinity, all of their paint through him. It I wanted to keep in the good graces, we should buy the paint from him. And I told them it couldn't be done. It was set up in the purchasing act. So that man then started saying, when everybody asked him about the administration, he said, "Oh, we have 'One-Time Charlie' as governor of the state of Nevada." So those are part of the things that you ran into.

Also of course, even in Reno, several of the office equipment places were very much opposed to it because, in turn, the state could receive bids for office equipment quite a bit lower.

One difficulty we did have and that was that we found out that the bids coming in from California were much lower than some of the Nevada bids, which posed a problem. Gradually, that had to be worked out. We found that on autos and cars, we could make great savings through buying directly from the factory through what they call a fleet line policy.

And then another thing, too, was that through the state purchasing office then, we were able to get for the counties and schools in different places quite a bit of government property that the government had set up as surplus property. We realized thousands of dollars through using the state purchasing department, and the personnel there, in contacting and working with the different government surplus yards in obtaining things for the state. So on the overall, it proved itself, definitely. It's like anything else, the public has to adjust themselves to it in the realization that you're getting away from the old system of a few favored people, more or less on a political basis, of giving state savings to the entire state of Nevada.

GAMBLING

Another one, of course, was the big headache of the gambling. The gambling was carried out under the Nevada tax commission, which is a group of men, Republicans and Democrats, appointed by the governor. They, in turn, would review the licenses. It was the period then that we had the outburst of building on the "strip" in Las Vegas. It turned it from being a small operation into a big gambling operation.

Just prior to the time that I went into office, the Desert Inn group had built the Desert Inn. But each large place was a headache, especially when those who were trying to come in weren't cleared by the FBI, and had records, and so on. I can name several. For instance, there was the Sahara Hotel, the Sands Hotel, there was the Tropicana, there was the Dunes, the Hacienda, the Stardust, the Riviera, the Fremont and several others that all came up during my administration. That paved the way for the big operations they have there at the present time.

The gambling, of course, has always been a headache as far as the state is concerned, as to the screening of the applicants and to keep it on a level of operation. In 1954, gambling came under the state tax commission, of which the governor was chairman. The governor appointed members from both political parties, not as politicians but as people who were registered within the party and represented the utilities, mining, and livestock and ranching throughout the state. This board then had a secretary—Robbins Cahill at the time was executive secretary—and the staff under him would report to the commission as to advisability of granting licenses, of clearing individuals, and also of taking steps against those who were cheating or otherwise misbehaving.

In 1954, we ran into an interesting circumstance. During the fall, Hank Greenspun, who was out after a certain group in Las Vegas had hired a man called Louis Tabet—not his right name—who was skilled in the investigations, and so on. He had "bugged," in this case, the then lieutenant governor of the state of Nevada. The lieutenant governor and some of the others in the group made statements relative to the gambling and authority as to being able to gain licenses and so on from the state. This, of course, then

pulled the state administration into it. And Cliff Jones, the lieutenant governor, was at that time also one of the principal owners in the Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas. Louis Weiner was also called in on Cliff Jones' side. Of course, all this is a matter of record.

This pulled the state in and the charge was made that there were hidden interests in the Thunderbird Hotel. The Lansky brothers and others classed in the hoodlum type of outfit were not licensed in the state of Nevada. And this led then to the enforcement division of the tax commission asking for the closing of the Thunderbird Hotel. This became one of the political factors in the fall elections in 1954.

In fact, at that time, prior to the flare-up which took place down there, I would say that I probably was running somewhat behind in my second term as governor, but Vail Pittman, who I had defeated in the 1950 election, was running for governor in 1954, having defeated Archie Grant (now a regent at the University) in the primary campaign. The Pittman side was with the Cliff Jones faction, so it became then an out-and-out battle as far as the public was concerned as gaming control of gambling, I think, in the state of Nevada. That, of course, gained my reelection.

The campaign of '54, I was trying to prove the worth of what we had done, what we had done relative to the personnel act, and the holding out on gambling, the rapid strides that had been made by the Colorado River Commission, rebuilding Nevada, and so on. But I found that people want the sensational, and many times that the individual vote hinges not so much on accomplishments as it does on the individual—how his own welfare has been under the state or national administration. In good times, people are interested largely in their paychecks, although basically, the people have a certain amount of

goodness in them. The saying that everybody's against sin probably isn't quite true, but at the same time they do not want either graft or, for instance, the gaming interests to gain control where they would be running, more or less, the state. And I know for sure that the action in '54 leading from the investigations, which were started by Hank Greenspun on his own through his paper, the Las Vegas Sun, and which reverberated all over the state were a large factor in my reelection in '54.

We saw that it was needed then that the state of Nevada should have a more comprehensive control of gambling. I had, prior to this time, recommended some changes. So in the session of 1955 of the Nevada state legislature, I asked that a gaming commission to be set up, composed of three high-salaried men, who would put together a staff. And, in turn, the purpose of this was that this board would delve into the all applications, would have the enforcement of the gambling act, and in turn, would report then to the Nevada state tax commission, which would have a final approval.

In this way, I thought it would be giving a dual control. In other words, if the gaming commission, as such, would recommend people that the tax commission didn't feel were of character enough, or reputation enough, for license, they, in turn, could turn down the recommendations of the gaming commission. Also, it gave the tax commission the right then to observe the actions of the gaming board. It went into effect on July first of '55, and I brought in a former FBI man, Bill Sinnott, to work on the commission. He worked along with Robbins Cahill; they were the two mainstays. Cahill had been with the tax commission for a number of years. Then the third member was Newell Hancock—there were several people who filled in on the third spot. I think it proved quite effective. In

fact, the basis of it is still in operation in the state today.

In each licensing case, of course, they posed problems. In many instances, we had to check through FBI records for the applicants. The FBI worked very closely with us in giving the fingerprints and records of all the people that applied. And also, in turn, we would find what we thought might be an interest. I know in respect to the Sands Hotel and also the Tropicana Hotel, that the agent went in and it forced those seeking licenses to make a change so that these interests were not allowed to own in.

You're never sure about gambling—if there is an interest. You try everywhere you can to find out where the money is coming from. It's pretty hard to find who has the money. Another thing, too, is most hotel set-ups will have two or three corporations, and one corporation will own the physical assets, the hotels and the buildings, as such, and the other corporation will be those who apply for the gaming license. It will be ostensibly those that would benefit from the operation of gambling in the state.

In the 1955 session, there was passed the present and existing tax on gambling, which is very controversial at the present time. Prior to this time, the gross on gambling had been two percent on the gross revenues of the different clubs and so on. And at this time the revenue on gambling was increased to three percent on the gross revenues, not to exceed \$150,000 per quarter year, four percent on those over from \$150,000 to \$400,000, and five percent on those that did not exceed one million dollars, and 5 1/2 percent of the gross revenues on each one million dollars per quarter year. Each based on a quarter year basis. This was passed after much opposition from the segments of gambling. And it's interesting to note that Newt Crumley, now dead, was a member of

the senate at the time and served on the senate committee on the conference which finally adopted these figures. He had the Holiday Hotel in Reno, and the Commercial Inn and Ranch Inn in Elko County, all of which had gambling. In other words, Crumley himself was in favor of it. On that committee also was B. Mahlon Brown, the state senator from Clark County. I point these two out, because Brown came from the county where there was so much gambling.

Relate that to the present time in 1966, where drives are being made as to increasing the tax. I point out that for the past eleven years, no increase has been made.

Also, set up at that time was the committee that I had asked of the gaming control board. And starting off on this committee, which began operating on July first of that year, was Robbins Cahill, who had been the secretary of the Nevada tax commission and who had handled the enforcement under the commission, and Newell Hancock, a Reno public accountant who worked with them. Later replacing Hancock when he resigned was Bill Gallagher, a former police officer and who had been then on the enforcement group under the Nevada tax commission. Then I wanted an FBI man as a third member of the board, and contacted back East, and Styles Bridges, who was then one of the ranking Republicans in the U. S. Senate, recommended to me that William Sinnott, who had served for years in the FBI and later had done special investigating work for Styles Bridges in this country and in Europe, and who he thought was highly qualified. I contacted Sinnott and Sinnott flew out and agreed to take the job on July first.

As I recall, the salaries of the tax commission for which I had asked were ten thousand dollars, in order to get capable people. They were increased, and I believe

the figure was \$18,000. (I'd have to check on that, but I know that it was several thousand more than the governor was being paid at the time.) The object there was that we felt we should pay the people enough money, they in turn would be responsible and would not be subject to the possibility of going bad, as far as the commission was concerned. The commission proved to be, in my estimation, excellent.

This was the one thing that Paul McDermott had taken issue with me. He thought I should appoint one member from Clark County. To cover this later, Paul had resigned from the Nevada tax commission, of which he was a member. Then, in turn, we sent Bill Gallagher to Las Vegas to live and make his home. He is still there, but is not with the commission anymore. He operated the office out of Las Vegas.

Probably the most controversial bill that came out in the 1957 session of the legislature, was Senate Bill 92. I had been called to a meeting. At that time, I was on the executive committee board of the Governors of the United States, and they were having a special meeting in Phoenix, Arizona. At the same time, I had also served for four years as chairman of the Western Governors. And I recall leaving, in this case by National Guard plane to attend the meeting, which was held in Phoenix for three or four days. And no sooner had I left than the very controversial Senate Bill No. 92, which was called the "gamblers day in court," was introduced and declared an emergency. It was introduced on the thirty-first day of the legislature, which would have been on a Monday, I believe. It was passed on the thirty-third day, all passed by the senate, all when I was out of the state. In other words, the bill was rushed.

I had previously stated that any man has a right to appear in court and defend himself,

a gambler or anyone else. I was not opposed to the rights and liberties of the individual. Now I had not seen the bill that was drafted. It was introduced on the thirty-first day, and passed on the thirty-third day. Understand, the bill had to be typed and what-have-you and so on, and was passed while I was outside the state. I came back to find that the senate had rushed it through. I was able to have it held up in the assembly.

Some of the closest friends I had in the senate were opposed to me on this. I mean, I had always figured Ken Johnson as a friend, but, of course, I found that Johnson was on the other side. This was sponsored largely by E. L. Cord. Even Rex Bell and a group of them who were somewhat close to gambling went over. Ken Johnson had run a bar and gambling place in Carson City for years.

I went over the bill carefully and called in several attorneys, including attorney Sidney Robinson, of Reno, and came to the conclusion—and I use the paraphrase—that this was just like a butcher being allowed to sell bad meat, spoiled meat, over the counter. This was the so-called bill of the "gamblers day in court." It would be very detrimental to the state of Nevada, and would give the rights to the gambling industry that were clearly out of line and forcing to the other people. It would give the gamblers a firmer hold as far as Nevada was concerned.

The bill was passed of course, by the legislature and came down to my office. And I vetoed it, and on March 20, 1957, returned it to the senate. Of course, the veto message is a matter of record, in the journal of the senate. I stated this in part of this long veto message:

It is my opinion that the best interests of the public requires speedy enforcement of the gaming laws and regulations and a determination by

judicial review, all of which are entirely in existing laws, none of which are required or provided for by the statute under consideration. Upon analysis of this proposed statute, and coupled with a review of its legislative history and amendments, submitted . . . to our next consideration, would indicate that the licensee himself, exclusive of agents or employments would have to be found guilty of cheating in order to justify an immediate suspension of the license to cut back the gaming establishment.

In other words, it would take away the responsibility, which existed then and now, of the licensee being held accountable for the actions of his own people in the gambling set-up.

Also:

Other provisions of this proposed statute would in effect grant the licensees a trial *de novo* before a court, the remedy which is not offered to those persons seeking judicial review from the administrated orders of other state agencies or commissions.

I held that this was an invasion by the courts of the executive branch of the state government. In other words, it nullified the extent of the gaming commission that I had set up, which had the right of turning down licenses if they thought the people were not suitable for gambling within the state of Nevada.

Apparently, it would be touch and go. I worked for several weeks, and I was finally convinced that I had enough members in the assembly to defeat it, although I fully expected that my veto would not be upheld in the senate. Ralph Lattin, now deceased,

who was senator from Churchill County, was under terrific pressure, as every other member of the senate was on this. I know of no other bill that had come up in my eight years in office on which the outside pressures were so tremendous as on Senate Bill 92.

Fortunately, the press, most of them in the northern part of the state, were opposed to the bill also because their members had attended the gaming commission, and tax commission meetings, and knew exactly what this would do as far as gambling was concerned in the state.

Of course, the veto message was immediately put up and of course, "Shall the bill pass, notwithstanding the objections of the governor?" And there's where the senate fully expected they had votes enough just to override the veto. But oddly enough, here again, Senator Crumley now deceased, was one of those who was strongly opposed to it. And I think that Crumley was, although a gambling operator, I think, probably more idealistic and sound than a lot of them were. Voting "no" on it were Crumley, Charles D. Gallagher of White Pine County, Ralph Lattin of Churchill County, Senator Lovelock of Washoe County, who was with me all the time and opposed to it, Wilson McGowan of Pershing County, and Settelmeyer of Douglas County, giving me the necessary six votes to uphold the veto.

Apparently they had counted on Ralph Lattin to override the veto. For the rest of the session and for several years, he used to come and see me, and he was nearly a nervous wreck over the thing, and the pressures that had been brought on. I think of the forty-eighth session, that was the major thing that came to pass and that was of general interest to the state of Nevada. It was one of the major things that would have given those in gambling a firmer hold, as far as the state is concerned.

BASIC MAGNESIUM

One of the biggest problems I had in my first year was with the Basic Magnesium plant at Henderson. We should go back. The Basic Magnesium plant was built during World War II, for the manufacturing of magnesium, and was patterned after a European plant. At the end of the war, of course, there was no need for the increased production of magnesium. It can be easier made from sea water than it can from the ore that was mined at Gabbs, Nevada, and hauled down to the plant.

When I was in Congress, as I have already told, the plant was going to be emasculated, and the townsite sold, and all. Jess Larson was head of the RFC at that time in Washington. The plan then was submitted where we would obtain it to the state of Nevada for one dollar. If Nevada had gone ahead at that time through Pittman and the state government, we could have obtained it for very little. However, Senator Malone was all for the emasculation of the plant, and selling it off. The Rose de Lima hospital was part of the installation.

It got down to a point that something had to be done. Finally General Services said, "Well, if two of the congressional delegation are in favor of it, the plant can be turned over to the state of Nevada." McCarran and I sided together against Malone, and the state of Nevada then assumed the responsibility of taking over the Basic Magnesium plant.

The General Services had a man there, but we had to raise money enough to pay the federal government—I've forgotten the sum right now—and the only way we could do it was through the dispersion of the plant units, and in turn, disposing of the housing. Working closely with the different companies who were represented at the Basic then, we worked out a plan that the units would be sold to private industry, which meant then

continuing the operation and keeping the plant going.

At that time, there were also a group of very wealthy people that were interested in taking over the plant at a nominal figure, if they could, from the state, and in turn selling it, from which they could maintain a big profit. In fact, I was told that if I would go along with them, when I was through office I'd find a very tidy sum of money in a safe deposit box for me. And I told them that I was not interested, because I thought that the plant, the operators there, should have the first opportunity, and that it should be made a going business and a going town. In turn then, I lost some of the so-called wealthy backing that had been in back of me when I ran for office on making that statement. In fact, Norman Biltz, the leader of the group said, "Well, we've been friends, but that's all." And I said, "Well, thank you."

Through a period of time we worked it out, and sold to people like Stauffer Chemical and to different ones, the different units of the plant, all of which are in operation at the present time. Of course, there's another reason for that, and that was Nevada was allocated about eighteen percent of the power of the Hoover Dam set-up. When I went into office, the state of Nevada was selling part of that power to southern California. Through the building up of the plant system there, it resulted in part in the increased population in Clark County. Of course, Nevada very shortly then was utilizing the entire amount of their power from eighteen percent from Hoover Dam and also twenty-five percent from Parker Dam. It has resulted in more recent years in the building of steam generated plants to supplement the power even in Clark County.

One of the big headaches was the disposal of the houses. Now the people paid rent on the houses for a number of years, and

seemed to feel that they should have them for a minimum amount. And the houses had deteriorated somewhat. I can recall at one time when they had an unusually heavy rain there, that during the night I had phone calls at the mansion. They stated that their roofs were leaking, and they were going to sue the state for damages and what-have-you. (It also happened at that time that we had a rain storm in Carson City. And the time they called, my wife was out putting pans upstairs in the various rooms to catch the leaks that were coming down from the mansion roof. It took us another year before we had a new roof put on.) Eventually, the houses were disposed of and were sold to the people. And not only that, but as the industry increased then, in turn, many new houses were built. Henderson today is three times or more larger than it was back in 1951 and '52. Showing that the state had made a wise decision, the money was paid off. There were many times when things were missed that we'd have to run down because of people figuring that it was state property, and that, in turn, they could get it for nothing. And it was one of the biggest headaches that I had in the first several years of being in office.

EDUCATION

Education, of course, we think of today as one of the big factors not only in Nevada, but in every state. In 1953, we started to get the ramifications of the new population. The war had been over since '45, and the youngsters were filling up the lower grades and all, and Nevada was growing at an amazing rate. In fact, it was the fastest-growing state of any of the states, percentage-wise. And the schools were working on an antiquated system of local school districts. In fact, within a county you might have three or four or five or more of these schools districts; each would have their

own budget and be seeking local money as well as some state money. In the state money, the ADA—the average daily attendance—and the amount given by the state for a classroom teacher were nominal amounts.

The legislature of 1953 probably had insufficient information to deal with the situation, and they passed only the usual appropriations. The more or less routine 1953 legislative session was followed by the calling of a special session in 1954, which, to me, I think, was probably one of the turning points as far as the Nevada was concerned relative to education and meeting the needs that, through the vast population expansion, had come. And the reason for the calling of the session, I cited in a message to the legislature saying that the governor has the right in extraordinary cases to convene the legislature by proclamation, and has the right then to limit what is to come before the session in his message to them. In my message then to the legislature on January 5, 1954, I pointed out that the enrollments of the schools in some of the counties, especially Clark and Washoe, had increased to where it was mandatory that the emergency be met by additional state aid. And I also pointed out that the funds necessary for such emergencies were available. Then I asked that \$25,000 be appropriated for expenditure by the governor's office to carry out the work of the school survey committee, which I had appointed to carry out the survey in the state and also additional funds for the hiring of the Peabody group. The interim emergency funds that I asked for were granted.

Turning now to 1955, the forty-seventh session, which to me was, in many ways, was one of the most important in recent years in the state of Nevada. I stated that I had named a state-wide committee on education. I had asked for \$25,000, and had increased that to \$30,000. And we brought in the

George Peabody College to make a study on Nevada and their report was made then, and representatives of the Peabody group met before the legislature and outlined a number of their proposals. In my message to the legislature on January 18, I had asked that serious consideration be given to the adoption of at least part of the report, whereby, step by step, we could change over the system in Nevada.

One of the major things of this was the fact that previously, the school districts were rampant throughout the state of Nevada. Some that would have maybe three or four students is all; and maybe five or six miles away would be another little district. We had an overlapping and confusion—the smaller schools trying to keep up salary-wise with the others, and what-have-you. One of the major things that came out of that was the adoption of the law where each county became a district in itself, paving the way for consolidation of school districts and the transportation of students, which made for better educational facilities in the state of Nevada. Also increased were the amounts given by the state; drastically increased, to the point that they paved the way for the state to enter into the system which has carried on since that time. As time went on then, we knew, I had so stated in my message, that there would have to be changes to meet the changing conditions.

And what it largely did was to fall back on the individual counties for the construction of the school buildings in the state, and the state carried the vast load under the ADA and classroom teaching apportionment for the administration in the schools.

In 1955, I outlined to the legislature and stated very frankly that I would sign any bill that they would pass that would give an increase in funds for the state. I was thinking

in terms largely of education, although realizing it has been customary for the state of Nevada, outside of the small property tax that goes to the University of Nevada, for funds to go into the general fund, and they would be allocated out of the general fund for the schools. I have already discussed the adoption of the sales tax that helped to finance the increases.

Having taught school for one year, and my wife having taught school before we were married, I was very much interested in schools. I frankly admit that at first, I had somewhat of the attitude that the responsibilities should be with the people within the district to maintain their schools. In other words, it was their children they were teaching and so on. And being somewhat conservative, I questioned at first the advisability of the state entering into so great an expenditure as far as the schools were concerned, realizing that at any time the state takes on an obligation, that is a growing obligation. It was through the meetings of the Peabody group and, frankly, through the meetings with the representative groups from throughout the state, that I completely changed my mind and thought that the state had a responsibility there. To me, this was the only way it could be done.

And coupled with this was that there came into effect that the assessed valuations within the state would have to be brought up to comparable level in the different counties in order to obtain the full amounts for the schools. In other words, it was a balancing factor as far as the ad valorem tax was concerned throughout the state of Nevada, although there are still some inequities at the present time.

On the committee that I appointed, I had such men as Fred Dressler and some of them who were large taxpayers, and Metzker, and different ones, where the old theory was sort

of protecting their own interests on taxation and so on. For instance, like in Douglas County, which is one of the wealthiest counties in the state, they presumably had some of the same ideas that I had started out with. And yet, I will say for such men as Dressler and the others, that they in turn did a complete turnaround, and very much to their credit, they realized the necessity and completely went along with the report and with the recommendations. I might state in addition, a couple of names. Mel Lundberg, who was head of the power company in Elko, and Howard Gray, who was the attorney for Kennecott Copper Corporation, at one time were of the opinion that the education fees should be met on the local level, and that we shouldn't go into state aid for education. They, in turn, made an about-face on it. I think, frankly, that the value of a committee set up was that it was so overall representative of the people of the state of Nevada. It was not a rigged committee by any means. When the realization came, and when it was all boiled down, you found most advocates of greater state aid working closely in cooperation with those who had previously very much questioned it. And it was coming from all that there was so little opposition at the time it was brought before the state legislature.

Of course, labor was very much opposed to the two cent sales tax, yet at that time it was not possible to have the additional money in the state treasury for education without putting on a sales tax, or a tax of some kind. But labor were against the sales tax and very much against the overall provision where it would cover food and drugs and so on. And you hear some ramifications of that yet. Frankly, it is the children of labor who benefit, I would say, more than the others, because they as a group would pay, presumably, less taxes proportionately than some of the large

land owners or store owners and so on. Then by initiative petition, it was sought to repeal the sales tax and the people of Nevada upheld the sales tax by initiative petition.

Being with the University now recalls that at that time, Malcolm Love was president of the University. It was quite the reverse then from what it is now, because the enrollment in the University had gone down, due to the fact the GI's from the World War II had ended their education at the University. And I recall that when Malcolm Love came to see me, it was not a problem then of much additional money for the University. It was a problem then of the University continuing with a somewhat less number of students—1,500 in 1950, compared to 1,790 in 1949, and 1,817 in 1946. And prior to that time, the money had been worked out for the University on what we call a "line item budget." In other words, within the University budget which the legislature would approve, would be the salaries for this and that clerk and so on. So we worked it out with Malcolm Love and I said, "Wouldn't it be better if we just appropriate so much money for you, and you, as head of the University with the regents, then allocate the funds as you best can for building up the University." And that was the first time then in the history of the state of Nevada where we appropriated funds with the University, and gave them leeway of going ahead without the legislature breathing down their neck on each line item.

During my terms, the Nevada Southern had been founded. It had started out as a general conception of being a junior college of two years, and I had urged in 1955, that the development of the University of Nevada and Nevada Southern be increased, and recommended a twenty-five percent overall increase in the appropriation for the University and for the building of the school there, and for the building of the University of Nevada.

CAMPAIGNS AND CAMPAIGN PRACTICES

You used to have in Nevada your different groups such as the Wingfield-Getchell group, who were also friendly with Bill Graham and some of that group. So that, in turn, they'd be working together. Bill Moffat, the big cattle man, was very friendly to that group, as was Woodburn and Thatcher; that's the old Woodburn and Thatcher. So they always used to work together for the benefit of the state. I should say what they thought was for the benefit of the state. Part of them were Democrats and part of them were Republicans, so what you really had for a number of years was more or less of a bi-partisan group. More about that later.

I was in Ely, Nevada, at the time of the bank crash. It caught my family personally, as far as my father was concerned, because he had money in three different banks, and all three closed. Looking back on it, I believe that George Wingfield, honestly, was trying to do a good job for the state of Nevada through the bank, and that if he could have received the RFC loans that he sought, there would have been a possibility of coming out. However,

the banks here, like those in other places, had overloaned on livestock; of course, livestock was going down. Branch banks did it, too. The dollar shortage hurt Nevada. It took quite a few years for Nevada to come out of it. It hurt the little man—the man that didn't have the money to go on with.

Getchell had Wingfield interested in the Getchell Mine and that helped stage Wingfield's comeback as far as finances were concerned. Wingfield, at the time, was regent at the University of Nevada, I believe. He was damned by many, and how justly, I can't say, except that I feel that basically, the man was attempting to build within the state of Nevada and was often unjustly criticized for his acts. Now how good a banker he was, I don't know, although I do know that some banks within the state of Nevada did not fail at the time and continued to operate.

I do know that many properties were bought in for fractions of the amount of money that the banks had loaned or honored at a later time. For instance, the Nevada Hotel in Ely, which was carried down by the crash,

had been opened in the summer of '29. A year or two later, was sold for something like \$50,000, which had been a fraction of the cost. And that undoubtedly happened in many places in the state.

I was going to the University of Nevada at the time when Scrugham was Governor. He was a strange man in some ways, but people that he was friendly with were very devoted to him. I think that he was ahead of his times in many ways. There was a tendency to build up the recreation and park system within the state of Nevada. And he was an engineer and was very much interested in the development of mining, and so on. Very much interested also in the possibility of the development of power on the Colorado River. Looking back, I think that he was a good governor. I recall no scandal, as such, that was mixed up with his administration. He was criticized at the time for traveling around as much as he did, and yet in comparison to the amount of time the governors today spend, it was just a fraction.

When he ran in 1934, my uncle ran against him.

I, frankly, had told my uncle that he shouldn't have filed, because at that time, you had your swing, your Democratic swing of Roosevelt going in, in '32. You had in '33 the bank crash and so on. You had your start up of your—what they called then—the “blue eagle,” the aid of the CCC Camps and the aid of public works and so on. Then you had the erroneous criticism of Hoover. So it was difficult for any man of the Republican ticket. And my uncle didn't have a chance against Scrugham; he frankly ran as a sacrifice to the party. And then Ed Peterson, who died recently at the age of ninety-one or ninety-two, ran in '36 also. And there again, he ran as being an old war-horse in the Republican party without the possibility, in my mind, of beating Scrugham, because Scrugham

had become very much entrenched back in Congress at that time and working with Congressman Plumley. They were both on the committee that had sponsored, and resulted largely in the building up of, the Hawthorne Naval Depot, which was a big credit to him.

Thinking back over Congressman, or Senator, or Governor Scrugham (he was all three, of course), some of these things seemed small at the time, but probably reflect somewhat on his character. I stated that he used to resemble sort of a pouter pigeon when he'd come out in his uniform. I recall one time that a group from the University of Nevada—I was a student at the time—went down to the old Majestic Theater to hear him give a talk. He came out on the stage and he had somewhat of a strange voice. We started to laugh, and they threw us out of the theater.

I also recall that in Ely, when I was on the Ely Record there that prior to World War II, Scrugham used to come and talk before the service clubs. And if I'd heard him make the same talk once, I'd heard him at least three or four times. And he'd always wind up, he'd stand up and he'd take his right hand make a spiral of it up in the air and say, “And the things are winding tighter and tighter.” He says, “There'll be a war between those that have, and those that have not.” And that was one of his big cries before World War II, and of course, it turned out that way. That is, his theory was that when the people build up, and when some nations have too much and others don't have enough, whether it be goods, wealth, or materials, then in turn those that have not will attack those that have.

Scrugham was noted as being extremely human in many ways. I recall at the University, that one of my close friend's name was Frank Kapplar. His sister worked on the telephone board over at Carson City, and she used to tell us these great tales about Scrugham calling up

several, I should say fairly close lady friends. That was supposed to be kept quite a secret, but those who were quite close to him realized that he had somewhat of a roving eye.

I also recall the story that was told—I heard it several times later, when he was in Congress—that Scrugham came out to Nevada at one time. Out in Clark County, he went out to a small by-the-way place, he and several others with several lady friends, barricaded the roads, and were going to spend a nice quiet weekend. But somebody heard about it and took the barricades down. They went in and robbed the men of all the money they had, and they, in turn, were not in a position to report it to the police. Now this is somewhat hearsay, but the other wasn't. This comes from several sources.

He was known as the man who always went into a town and would ask a friend to buy him a bottle, so he could have a drink; always put the cap back and took the rest of the bottle of whiskey with him. I mean it was one of his little idiosyncrasies that those who knew him can recall quite easily. So he was a human man, but I think a good man for the state of Nevada. And I think he accomplished a great deal. And of course, the frailties of people have to be compared against the number of good things that they do, and sometimes the others make them look somewhat maybe a little more human.

Bill Graham passed away several months ago. I never really knew him, except as he was known. Graham and McKay were known as the two top gamblers in the Reno area. Much of what I would say about them would be hearsay, of course, and there are other sources. I think, for instance, that Graham killed a man at one time. And there again, he was an old-time, what we call the old-time gambler that played a very important part in the state of Nevada prior to the time of the building up

of what we call the newer gambling period in the state of Nevada. As far as I know, I never talked to him or knew him personally in the early years. In later years, I got to where I could say hello to him, and that's about all.

You had a group that was centered there in the First National Bank building and in the old Grand Cafe that were a fairly friendly group and among themselves. Actually, they probably carried as much power. They were the state.

Getting back to those early days, I recall that it was back in 1934, that George "Molly" Malone ran against Key Pittman for Senator. I mention that because you'll find through the years that very few Republicans have been named to state office, while they seem to crisscross each other as the years go on, or are active in some of the same campaigns. Malone, of course, was active running for the Senate in '34, at the same time I was running for my first term in the assembly.

The state had a sort of a bi-partisan control as far as politics was concerned. George Thatcher on the Democratic side, who was a great supporter of Key Pittman. Of course, in that side also was Bob Douglass of Fallon, who was later to become the internal revenue collector for Nevada. On the other side, then, you had George Wingfield, and Noble Getchell, Clyde Souter, and a group of old-timers. And they worked under the theory that it would be better for Nevada to have one Senator from each party in Washington D. C. The result of that for years, of course, was that Key Pittman was the Democratic Senator, and Tasker L. Oddie was the Republican.

However, in 1934, in the election, Scrugham ran for Congress, and my uncle George Russell, who had been state treasurer for eight years, ran on the Republican ticket on the platform of high protective tariffs. In the early days, of course, the two things

that interested people more in Nevada than anything else were the high protective tariffs— and they thought in terms then, mainly of the protection of wool imported from Australia and New Zealand, and also cattle. The other was the silver platform. At one time, of course, Nevada was one of the leading producers of silver. On the old theory of sixteen to one on gold and silver, William Jennings Bryan was so popular in the state of Nevada in the early days, and the Silver party itself became highly effective in Nevada. But, of course, by this time, it resolved itself largely down into the Democratic party, although the state's Republicans still stood for high tariffs and the protection of silver.

At this time also, they shopped around for a candidate who would take Morley Griswold's place—he was acting governor at the time. They came upon Richard Kirman, who had done well during the panic as far as his bank was concerned, and in bank reorganization. And he was virtually agreed upon largely by this bi-partisan group, and Kirman was elected. And, of course, George W. "Molly" Malone ran against Key Pittman for Senator and was soundly defeated at that time.

It's a lot of hard work campaigning in the counties, because you go into a valley and you have to see every rancher, or at least his family and wife, because if you don't, then they'll say, "Well, why were we passed up?" and it becomes a person to person. In fact, the first time I ran for congressman, I attempted to do that around the state. The population of Nevada was a great deal less in 1946 than it is now. And I virtually lived in a little Chevrolet coupe I had. I slept in it at night, even, a number of times. Just getting out and meeting the people. And then there was another factor too; people want to talk. Sometimes you could spend a half an hour to

an hour with a person, and you don't know whether they will vote for you or not. Yet, in this day and age, on television, you could reach thousands of people in ten or fifteen minutes and relay your information to them.

Politics has changed entirely from the old contact basis, the old cattail torch parades, of the time of Charlie Henderson in Elko County. First the radio came, and then you found out that you had to pay so much for radio time, so you had that on top of newspaper advertising. Now, of course, with the television, the cost has multiplied many times over.

I recall once during a campaign in White Pine County, that Pat McCarran came to us with a full page ad, which we ran. And the Republican party candidate, Tasker L. Oddie, at that time, held us liable to him. For a time, it looked as if here I was running a Republican newspaper and ran an ad for a Democrat, that I might have been held liable by a Republican candidate. Of course, that is in the game, because when you run a newspaper you accept the advertising from both parties. In fact, the newspapers usually charge— the smaller newspapers, they did then, I imagine they do now—over and above their customary rates on political advertising.

I think the rewards in the county campaign were direct and excellent, because when you met the people and you became a personage—if you want to call it that—in your own county, the old theory of being a big toad in a little pool is much better than being a little toad in a big pool. You met people, you learned to like them, you learned their troubles, and they became something other than names to you, and it brought you in closer harmony. I think there's no closer reward in a small county than being in the assembly or the senate and representing the people and in contact with them.

Your friendships made in the campaign are friendships that you learn to like. I mean that

you meet wonderful people. You also run into others. There are about three different types of people in a campaign. There are those who are sincere, and that want a good way, and that you can win to your side, and so on. There are those who are both Democrats and Republicans who will not vote, outside of their own ticket very much; that have preconceived ideas, and you can't change them. And then there's a faction you don't hear too much about, and that group is the "pay-me" group. In other words, they want to know how they are going to exploit the county, how much money they are going to get out of the candidate, how they can use him to their best advantage. You find that out during a campaign.

I will tell a little about labor, and what part labor plays in the politics in the state of Nevada. They play a very active part; in fact, I think I have said that in the twelve years of the Nevada state legislature that I was termed largely as being a supporter of labor. And in fact, I had been told by Charles Springer, head of one of the railroad groups in Sparks, that if I ever wanted to run for anything, he would support me a hundred percent. Also, some of the other labor leaders had told me that they thought I was very fair. In 1946, when I filed for Congress, I went to Mr. Springer and said, "Well, you said you would support me, and I'm filing for Congress." He hemmed and hawed, and finally he said, "I may have, but after all you're Republican and I'll have to support the Democrats."

I had a number of labor leaders, however, who, in '46, were for me. And they had their meeting of the labor leaders in Ely, Nevada. And I made it a point to be there. And I had one of the labor friends reporting to me, and the outcome largely was "hands off" as far as that was concerned.

I hadn't enough friends in there. In fact, they split; a number of them were for Malcolm

McEachin, who was the secretary of state then, and running for Congress.

And I will never forget being in Las Vegas. You have among the labor leaders—as you will have among individuals—that their sole interest sometimes in trying to back a candidate, or saying they will, is the money they can get out of it themselves. I recall in Las Vegas, for instance, the man was going to swing the culinary vote for me. I went to this gathering where they served sandwiches and beer to all the culinary workers (and incidentally, later I got a bill for it). And they were supposed to have a meeting with a couple of the labor leaders. This was just prior to the election, and they were supposed to have all their members in the hall down in Las Vegas. I went to the labor hall to attend this rally and I showed up and there were only two men there. And I went into the room and, they said, "Well, we're going to put out some pamphlets for you stating that we're supporting you." And I said, "Wonderful." And they said, "It will cost you five thousand dollars." And I opened my wallet, and I had about two or three hundred dollars. I said, "Fellows I don't have that kind of money." And they hemmed and hawed and said, "Well, you can raise it." Well, frankly, I couldn't raise it, because I was going largely on my own money and had very little. And the outcome was there was no rally, as such. I left the two men. The outcome was that there were no pamphlets put out for me, either. I won the election, but it was just a case of frankly, a shakedown as far as they were concerned.

In 1948, when I ran, labor was largely against me on account of the Taft-Hartley Bill. I had still maintained the contacts among some friends, but it was difficult. I told about being in Ely, for instance, and asked to speak and they voted as to whether to let me speak or not at a statewide convention.

In 1954, I had a number of labor people for me. I do recall in '58, when I ran again, that one of the labor leaders was going to swing some support to me—in Las Vegas this was. It's rather strange but most of these manipulations on funds and all were in Las Vegas, and not in Reno or in other parts of the state. This man was on the Central Labor Council in Las Vegas, and he said he was all for me, and I gave him a couple hundred dollars. And then he talked to me again and I was a little bit skeptical, but I think that I gave him five hundred dollars then to do some work. I checked and found out as soon as he got the five hundred dollars, he went out on a glorious drunk for a week, which covered the period of the election, and it was a waste of money, of course.

However, Rex Bell was running for lieutenant governor at that time, and through certain connections he had, he raised five thousand dollars for my campaign. Then they requested that this money be paid to labor, to be used on my behalf. And I was caught in a bind then, and in fact, paid \$3,500 of the five thousand to Sailor James Ryan to work on my behalf, and send out committees, and so on. And as far as I know, little was done. And this is something which you come up against.

It's customary, not in Reno or Las Vegas so much, but in your smaller towns like Winnemucca, Lovelock, and Elko, and different places to campaign. People take you around to the bars, and you buy drinks for all. Now this may seem like a small item, but when you compound and compile all the small towns in the state of Nevada, it becomes huge. It's always been my theory that I don't think you ever gain a vote by buying drinks. It was part of the old system.

I remember my first campaign for Congress in the little town of Goldfield. We used to keep track, because we didn't have

much money to campaign on. For example, it was customary in Goldfield that you'd go into the bar and you'd buy a drink for all the men that were there and introduce yourself. Probably isn't the right way to do it, but everybody does it. And I remember going to Goldfield and going into a bar. And then also you pick out some character and pay him money to put your placards up all around town. So I went into the bar and bought them all a drink, and said, "Well, now where's the next bar?" And they'd point to a place, and I'd have to take a roundabout way to get there, the way they'd tell me. By the time I'd get there, they'd be crowded, and I'd buy them a drink. By the third bar, I found that all the same people that were at the first and second bars were at the third bar. And also that the man who I paid twenty dollars to put up my placards was putting up everybody else's. Well, I got away from the town and found out that I was paying, if you call it paying, more for votes per person in Goldfield—nearly three dollars a vote—than any other place in the state of Nevada. They were just taking me for a fast ride. I never did carry Esmeralda County.

And then also there are those who come to you and state that they have a group of friends, or if you will pay them so much money, that they will swing the group for you. And I have been through this. But I think most of the candidates probably run up against this, too. There were a number of incidents of that that I saw take place. Frankly, there are those who, if you pay, will do an excellent job for you—especially women in setting up a block or organizations for distributing materials. But there are those—and mainly this falls in the category of men who will want large payments for doing practically nothing—who will just try to ride every candidate if they can.

I have always found wherever I've been that people have been very fine. In fact, I've

been in meetings where the people did not agree with me and where words were battered back and forth, but any physical danger, no; I have never felt that at all. I think that, by and large, in the state of Nevada, we are so far free from that type of thing.

You always find in an election that there are people that are old party workers that go back for years. Some of them are out of work and all, and the pressures are on you then to pay them so much a day, or to pay them to swing out and around the state and try to analyze, or so on. It's an old gimmick and, I imagine, still takes place. And on any candidate, where you're going on not too much money, this is draining. And there are those who make a practice then of putting up campaign posters at rather exorbitant prices, and they have to be paid their little fees.

And, of course, in thinking how things have grown, in '46 there were very few radio stations in the state of Nevada, and the costs were comparatively low. Then you take that and go down through the years up 'til 1958, for instance, with your television stations and all, and the high price of TV and all, it has grown enormously in cost of running for office in the state of Nevada. I know that compared to '46 through '58, the cost was astronomical. Since that time, I understand it has quadrupled as to what it would cost a candidate in a state-wide election. It shouldn't be such, but nevertheless, it is the case.

I think in campaigning, the most pleasant thing of all is your barbecues, your meetings in small towns, your visiting with farm people and like that, which is sort of get down to earth and get away from some of the superficial that you go through in campaigning in some of the larger areas. There it becomes more personal, and you get to know people and meet them and judge them, I think much better than if you do, for instance, like campaigning in Reno or Las Vegas.

I'm trying to remember incidents; there are probably loads of them. I know that it used to be customary in Clark County, especially, that different groups would get together—especially the PTA's or others—and they would hold rallies. Those running on both parties would appear, to be subject to a question and answer. I've gone through a number of those, which were probably the most difficult of all, because they were pretty well plugged. I can recall that, for instance, when I first ran for governor in 1950, they had one in Boulder City. The idea there was to have a group who would pose questions to embarrass you, and try to put you on the spot, and so on. In this case the leader of one group was Cliff Jones, lieutenant governor, who was at that time needling me from the floor. I was somewhat vulnerable, because when I was in the state legislature, Clark County had sought repeatedly to have the three hundred thousand dollars a year from Hoover Dam revenue come to the state, earmarked entirely for Clark County, instead of going to the state of Nevada. And I had sided in, and thought it should go to the state of Nevada. So you can imagine getting up in Boulder City, for instance, and having someone say, "Well, why did you as a senator from White Pine County vote against returning these funds which rightly should have gone to Clark County?" And you can imagine then the spot a person is on. And probably there were many other instances the same.

I know at times in campaigning that I would be so tired that I would try to find a little place where there was a motel far away from anywhere else. I'd just get in there late at night from a meeting and go to bed and stay in bed all day long; sort of hide out.

And yet there's other compensations. For instance, I'm not a gambler or card player, but in the little town of Mina, there used to

be an old lady there, I've forgotten her name now, who had a little kind of a hotel; I used to stay there. She was an avid panguingue player. So I used to go down to the one of the clubs, and sit and play panguingue for a dollar or two dollars a stack, and learn. She was so well liked that people from around the town would drop in, and I would buy them drinks. And frankly, it would be just a one of the pleasantest evenings that a person could imagine, because you're away from everything and seeing pleasant people. As I said, I'm not a gambler as such, but I used to always look forward to getting to Mina. I'll remember her name later, but she was a darling. Homely as a mud fence, somewhere around sixty-five to seventy-five and yet one of the finest "diamonds in the rough," I guess you would call her, that I had ever known.

Hawthorne used to be quite place. In many ways, we would call it Jack McCloskey's town because Jack ran the Mineral County News, and he was, in my estimation, one of the very clever people in the political game in Nevada. He's never run for office, yet at the same time he keeps a close contact on things and wields quite a bit of power through his paper.

At one time, they had two clubs—Dominic and Petrini. We used to go there and play pan. In fact, it's the only two places in the state of Nevada that I've ever sat down and played panguingue with people. But they were likable, and friendly, and true friends in many ways. Other places you just couldn't do it; there wouldn't be time. Or, in most cases, a person running for office sitting down and playing cards in some places would look kind of stupid, anyway.

This is recalling the election in 1950, the first time I ran for as governor of the state of Nevada. I briefly stated before that I had returned from Washington, D. C., at the

request then of Ed Converse, active in the Republican party and also Norman Biltz, who was the main backer of Pat McCarran. A year or two later, he was written up in the *Fortune* magazine as being the "duke" of Nevada. I conferred with McCarran prior to filing. At the same time, there was a wide split between Pittman and McCarran, without which, of course, Norman Biltz and his group would not have supported me.

Cliff Jones, who had served for four years as lieutenant governor under Vail Pittman, ran again. And, oddly enough, one of his biggest backers in the campaign, not financially, but who, among his friends—of which he had many at that time—was Bob Douglass, who was the collector of internal revenue in the state of Nevada. He had been an active backer for years, one of the mainstays, of Senator Key Pittman when Key Pittman was in office and prior to his death.

Bob Douglass, R. L. Douglass, was a close friend of Cliff Jones, and during the election campaigned quietly among his friends for Cliff Jones and for me. One reason was that Bob Douglass's first wife was my mother's sister, Ella, who died many years ago. At the time of her death, she left three children; Robert, who later died of a kidney infection, and two daughters, Mary Osborn, now married to a retired naval officer and living in the San Francisco area, with her sister, recently established the R. L. Douglass room in the Nevada State Museum, The other daughter was Eleanor. My mother reared her from the time that she was a year old until she was nine, at which time Bob Douglass remarried. And, of course, she was very much like a sister to me. She's still living; her name is Eleanor Kopp. She married a Los Angeles artist and had two children, later divorced, and now resides on the peninsula south of San Francisco, in the Palo Alto area.

Bob Douglass was a character in a way. He inherited a very good wealth from his uncle, who was prominent in the early days in Virginia City, had a ranch in Fallon, and was noted as being a playboy type as a young man. In fact, with Art Kenny, he promoted a flight of airplanes over the Panama Canal when it was being constructed and nearly got into trouble. He later attempted to go through a snow shed and over the mountains, when the roads were closed, by riding the railroad tracks with his Stutz car, and which resulted in a train coming from the other direction, the car being totally destroyed, and Douglass injured.

He also used to race his Stutz-Bearcat. I can recall that he and Art Kenny would have cars, and would race at the different fairs and rodeos and around the state of Nevada. This is a little extra sidelight, but part of the build-up.

Two things I can recall of Bob Douglass in the 1950 campaign. One was his wife Mantie was a teetotaler, and also belonged to the Christian Science church. And Bob, of course, all his life had been quite a drinker. I recall going to his house, and he would have bottles of mixed manhattans in his icebox that he had a saloonkeeper in Sparks mix for him. After talking in the front room, he'd say to me, "Mantie would like to see you in the kitchen."

On one or two occasions I'd go in and say, "Well, what is it you want to see me about?" And she'd say, "Well, you know Bob comes under the Hatch Act, and is a collector of internal revenue," but, she says, "I just happen to have a hundred-dollar bill here, and I would like for you to have it." This is a little sidelight that shows how things operated.

Cliff Jones I had known, of course. I had served in the Nevada state legislature with him. He was up and coming. He was a peculiar chap, he neither drank nor smoked. He was married, and I recall that they had

one adopted son. He used his influence and as attorney to gain certain interests in gambling establishments in southern Nevada.

At one time he owned in the Golden Nugget there, and also in later years became a principal owner in the Thunderbird Hotel. I did not campaign for Cliff Jones.

As I recall, at that time Leo Schmitt was running for lieutenant governor on the Republican ticket, and we used to travel quite a bit together. Leo's forte always seemed to be in doing rope tricks. He'd get up on the stage before an audience, and rather than talk, he'd like to demonstrate his ability in doing rope tricks. In this sophisticated age of fine entertainment, especially in the Las Vegas area, this gained him practically no votes, but made people wonder if the man would be capable as the lieutenant governor. Of course, he had played a large part in the handling of the affairs for the banks that had closed in the state of Nevada, and was well-known and very highly respected in the Reno area. But in southern Nevada, of course, he was virtually unknown.

I recall at a meeting at Boulder City in which the candidates were called, Cliff Jones took the floor and bitterly attacked me during the campaign for actions when I was in the legislature. As previously stated, I voted for returning the revenue from the Boulder-Hoover Darn into the state coffers, rather than giving it to Clark County. However, after I was elected, he was all apparent cooperation. In fact, he and his wife took part in the inauguration in Carson City. Then, too, they promoted a second inauguration dance, which was held in the hall above the Silver Slipper on the Strip in Las Vegas, which my wife and I attended. I recall that they went all out in the community. The four of us then led the grand march and each couple, the Russells and the Joneses, were presented with the silver tray, a token of good will.

And at the governor's conference in '52, in order to try to solidify things, I took Cliff Jones and his wife with me as guests, each governor being allowed a party of six. And Cliff, in turn, then took the several of the people off the Strip including Benny Goffstein, which led to the incident which Mr. Goffstein took the car allotted to me and drove it to Galveston, Texas, which I have before related.

During those four years, Cliff Jones was mainly interested in building up himself, his law practice, and his gaming interest, rather than taking any active part in the administration in Carson City. In fact, I don't recall a single incident where I was outside the state where Mr. Jones came to Carson City and exercised his prerogative of presiding over the governor's office during my absence. Of course, things built up then.

It was when Hank Greenspun had brought in an undercover man by the name of La Fitte into the state of Nevada, ostensibly to gain information on Sheriff Jones—no relation to Cliff Jones—relative to his manipulations in the Las Vegas red light district, and so on. It was during these tapings, in which La Fitte had presented himself as being a man who wanted to buy in certain gaming concessions, that the tapings were made out of La Fitte's conversations of Cliff Jones and Lou Weiner, one of Cliff Jones' law partners, and publicized by Hank Greenspun.

The probe in the Nevada state tax commission pulled me in. I was a member of that, of course, as governor. It was the fracas of the Thunderbird Hotel; it was claimed that there were outside and hidden interests—had money in it of the hoodlum type. That led then to the revocation for the time being of the gaming license of Thunderbird Hotel.

Now this took place starting in the fall of 1954.

I recall quite vividly, because in that election the Democratic party had put up two men in the primary, one of which was Vail Pittman, that I had defeated in 1950, and the other was Archie Grant, who had been for years on the state planning board and who now is a regent at the University, and a very fine man.

Grant at first was backed by the Biltz-McCarran crowd. Something went wrong during the primaries, and the backing, in the northern part of the state turned against him and swung to Vail Pittman. And at that time I found myself being thoroughly drummed by Norman Biltz and his crowd, and also Pat McCarran had come out in favor of Vail Pittman.

I will say this to his credit, McCarran had notified me that he was making four or six talks for Vail Pittman in the state of Nevada, and then would leave the state.

However, it was during the campaign of '54, when he was making a talk against me in Hawthorne, Nevada, that he dropped dead. That in itself presented a problem, for his death occurred thirty days prior to the general election, which meant that each party in turn would put up a candidate for the United States Senator. In this case, the Democrats put up Alan Bible, who two years previously had been defeated by Thomas Mechling in the Democratic primary, which paved the way for the election of George "Molly" Malone to a second term.

I recall calling together the leaders, the state chairman, Republican national committeemen and leaders of the Republican party to a meeting in Reno. It was held in a room in the Riverside Hotel. We had to thrash out who we would name as the Republican candidate, who would have thirty days then to campaign for United States Senator. After

much discussion and so on, I named Ernest Brown. Strangely enough, Ernest Brown and I had gone through the University of Nevada together and were close friends. Largely insistent on the name of Ernest Brown at that time was Roger Teglia, who at one time had been quite a factor in the Republican politics in the northern part of the state. Of course, Les Gray and some of the others also attended.

At that time Ed Converse was very active in the party. At first they thought of Ed Converse. The name was brought up, but Ed, on account of the airlines and so on, asked that his name be withdrawn. And meanwhile, Roger Teglia and the group in Reno were very insistent on Ernest Brown. And looking back, I think that Ernest Brown probably could have done as well as anyone.

I don't know how well most people know Ernest Brown, but Ernest Brown all his life was a crusader. He was the type of individual as an attorney who never made a great deal, but who always represented the little man, or if somebody didn't have money enough and had a lawsuit, and was the underdog and so on, Ernest Brown was the attorney that was in there pitching for them.

Also, of course, during this period, two of our closest friends—they were for years—were Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Isbell. Isbell at that time was head of the Isbell Construction Company, and he used to make his plane available to me at times. Mrs. Isbell was a character all unto herself, and was elected twice to the Nevada state legislature. Her personal attorney was Ernest Brown, and they thought a great deal of him. So, frankly, he was the only one, outside probably of Ed Converse, that was seriously considered. Another reason too, and that was Alan Bible was from the north and Ernest Brown being from the north, they thought

he might have a better chance, too. Washoe County voted most of the time Republican.

I've been trying to recall all the different ones that were there at that time, but I know that the meeting was very calm. There was no opposition to Brown, as such, and it went off very harmoniously. It was the Republican central committee. I put it directly up to them that, while I had the right of refusal, I'd rather work with them. And if they came up with someone that I was agreeable to, I would appoint him.

Roger Teglia for years was very active in Republican affairs. Roger for years promoted the changing of the fish and game laws of the state of Nevada, and I had worked with him and had even introduced a bill that he had given to me, while I was in the state senate. Roger and I had been close friends. He, at that time, I think, worked for the Farmer's Exchange or some such company in Reno, and had contact down into Fallon and all through the northern part of the state. Roger also reported directly to George Wingfield for years. He was sort of tied in with that we call the "old group, and worked very closely with them. When I ran for Congress, in '46, and '48, I worked very closely with Roger and he was, I would say, quite a help. Then when I came back in 1950 to run for governor the nomination, I found such men as Fred Horlacher, who I had known for years, from White Pine County, and who had succeeded me as state senator from White Pine County and was a Republican. Then such men as Mr. Ed Bender, who was in the warehousing here, and who was related to the Marvin Humphreys, and who has since passed away. When I came back and told Roger that I had decided to run for governor, at first he was somewhat disturbed because, as I recall, he had pledged his support to Fred Horlacher.

It was only after the primary that Roger swung back, and was for me. He had made a commitment.

I acceded to the appointment because I felt that Brown was what a good man, but I was rather dubious as to how well he might be known in the southern part of the state of Nevada. For example, Ernest Brown had difficulty getting his placards out and campaigning. On his first trip to Las Vegas, he made the comment that this was the first time in many years that he had been in southern Nevada. And, of course, this was played up. You had running against him Alan Bible, a strong Democrat, a man who had been attorney general of the state of Nevada, and who only a few years before had run in the primary for the nomination for United States Senator.

It was unfortunate that Brown did not have more time in which to campaign, because I think he would have made a good senator. Of course, he served for several months.

There were several other factors in Brown's defeat. Of course, as I said, Ernest Brown made a statement that he had not been in Clark County for a long time. Then you had in Clark County several factions of people, one led by a man by the name of Harold Stocker whose wife, Geraldine, was head of the women's group, and very active. Stocker at one time, I believe, had been either city councilman or county commissioner. When I was elected in 1950, he thought he had won an important post in Nevada on the gaming commission, and when I refused to give it to him, he had turned directly away from me and subsequently had been no help—in fact, the opposite, as far as my subsequent campaigns. And Ernest Brown took up with this group, alienating some of the other Republicans that were “anti” to the Stocker group. Harold Stocker was the man who owned the Big

Chief Motel and several other buildings in Las Vegas. At one time, he had had mining interests and was wealthy.

It's interesting to note that this same group were very strong Goldwater people. The group then consisted of Harold and his ex-wife—they were divorced several years ago, but still are good friends—and a woman by the name of Erma Sutherland, who I understand is still active, but leaning more toward the—shall we say—Bircher side, or the ultraconservative side. These were all sidelights during that 1954 campaign.

Rex Bell had filed then for lieutenant governor of the state of Nevada on the ticket. Rex at one time had run for Congress in Nevada, and had been defeated. Tall, likable good-looking, ex-silent screen, western star, his fame largely generated from the fact that he had married Clara Bow who was the “It girl” back in the 1920's, and whom, incidentally I never did meet. Rex was the same age as I, a few months younger, had a great appeal, especially to the ladies, but also to men. He'd operated a ranch in Searchlight, Nevada, and then he and Clara—years before—had been separated. She had moved to California. She was supposed to be a hypochondriac; whether she was or not, I don't know, but she was Catholic and refused, apparently, to divorce Bell.

Rex Bell had two sides to him. He had purchased, with his brother Hod, a store in Las Vegas, which they called Rex Bell's. They dealt in western clothing and so on, and it was the outstanding store of its kind for many years. Rex's real name, of course, was George Beldon. He had come out of Chicago, and gone through the high schools and all in southern California, and had taken on the name of Rex Bell when he went into the silent movies. Rex cooperated during the campaign.

In spite of earlier disagreements, in 1954, backed by Pat Clark and backed by quite a

bit of the gambling people and also by the Republican party and the ranchers in the north, Rex Bell entered the campaign and was elected as lieutenant governor. What he loved was to lead parades and represent the state of Nevada ceremonially, and that sort of thing. At first, when he went into the office, of course, he brought up with him Katie Jenkins, who lived next door and went with Rex for many years. Katie Jenkins was the former wife of Jenkins the prize fighter, a very lovely person and a very capable person. They say that she used to manage her former husband, the prize fighter, from his corner during the prize fight. She had acquired the concession for the cigars, knickknacks, notions, and what-have-you in the Thunderbird Hotel, which she still operates. She later became a partner with Rex Bell, when the Rex Bell store was opened in Reno. She was with Rex wherever he went. (It's a strange thing. Rex had the Silver Beaver award from the Boy Scouts, and had been very active in Clark County and in other civic affairs. So it seemed to be that the people were broad-minded enough to realize that Clara Bow would not divorce Rex, and they sort of overlooked the Rex Bell-Katie Jenkins affair.)

I told Rex every time I left the state of Nevada that the office in Carson was his. The first couple of times he did come up, but then he came up one time and there was an extradition against a man—I've forgotten from what state now, or the name. It was customary that you hold a hearing and decide whether there was guilt enough in the demand of the neighboring state then to sign the extradition and send the man back to the demanding state. In this case, Rex had held the hearing and signed the extradition for the man to go back. When I got back in my office, Rex came to Carson and wanted to know what he could do to cancel the extradition that he

had issued seven days before. Apparently the man was known in southern Nevada and had some friends, and they jumped on Rex. So thereafter, when there was any extraditions or things like that in my absence, Rex would not sit on them but would wait until my return, and I had to do the so-called work.

It was during this period that we built the state building in Clark County, realizing that we needed offices there for the various departments in government. On the second floor, a large room was set aside for the governor to have a secretary there. Rex was very anxious that he had an office. The room was large enough, so I ordered identical desks, identical chairs, even identical American flags and identical state flags, and told Rex that this office was his as well as mine. It was set up in that way so that Rex could spend as much time as he wanted to there, utilizing the secretary who was appointed with confirmation from Rex, in order to keep harmony, and so on.

I would say of him that he was a good representative of Nevada because he met people well, he was an excellent horseman, he loved parades, he loved all the frills and trappings of representing the state of Nevada. But frankly, as far as constructive work, Rex was not interested in it at that time. He was a close friend of Norman Biltz and that crowd, and he was also a close friend of many of the people in the gaming interests in Clark County. I think the man was potentially honest, if you know what I mean, because when he passed away, the estate was nominal as compared to such people as Cliff Jones and others that used politics solely as a money-making means. As far as I know, Rex did not own in any of the gaming establishment as such. I was in Paraguay when he passed away, I think it was on the fourth of July of 1962, after he had announced governor on the Republican ticket. I was quite shocked when I

had a cable that he had passed away, because in my opinion Rex was always physically much better than I had been.

During the campaign in 1958, when I ran and lost, Rex apparently was very close to Benny Binion. And it was during this campaign that he came to me with the only contribution he ever raised for my campaign—five thousand dollars—and he refused to tell me who it was from, but I surmised, and probably correctly so, it came through the Benny Binion interests, because I don't know how else he would have been able to get it. He immediately demanded then that the money be returned to him, so that he could pay off Jimmy Ryan and have Jimmy Ryan's labor group come out in force with me. The bulk of the money then was given back to Rex. That is one of these things where I think there had been previous deal made; "Well, we'll give the money to Jimmy Ryan, but we'll do it this way," and so on. This, of course, griped me to no end, but there was nothing I could do about it.

It was in '58, too, that we were able to secure the helicopter, and Rex and I toured the mining camps in smaller towns in Nevada, campaigning in a helicopter. Naturally, any candidate is more interested in his own campaign than he is of others running. And I had a pretty tough, hard row to hoe at that time. I found, of course, as the campaign went on, Rex presumably had a chance, which he did, and was reelected. In fact, he was the only Republican at that time who won. Because of the '58 vote, I and Pete Meriardo, the state controller, lost during the campaign.

Personally, I was very fond of Rex. He used to come and stay at the mansion sometimes, and was always a gentleman. I've never known him to be—shall we say—tight or out of order. I think that he was undoubtedly one of the glamor men of his period. And he made a

good representative lieutenant governor, but as far as being a working lieutenant governor, when it came down to assuming some of the more serious details of the actual office itself when I was away, he developed the attitude of shunning this responsibility.

I always think that campaigns for top officers are largely guided by what has happened on the national scene. As you recall, in '58, the Russians had put up Sputnik and the American public was worried. And at that time, we had a minor recession. It all contributed to the downfall of the Republicans throughout the nation, realizing, of course the Republican party then, as now, was a minority party, comprised of less than forty percent of the American voters.

Rather interesting as far as newspapers are concerned is that in 1954, when I ran, Hank Greenspun and the Sun were for me a hundred percent. And at the same time. Al Cahlan was running the Review-Journal. The Review-Journal was, in '54 and '58, very much opposed to me. This paper was and is owned by Don Reynolds.

This is touching back on the Colorado River Commission in 1951. I had appointed Al Cahlan to the Colorado River Commission in 1951. There is a story there. In 1950 when I ran, Don Reynolds and his paper, the Review-Journal supported me. And immediately after the election he asked that I name Al Cahlan to the Nevada state tax commission, which was in charge of gambling in Nevada. Al Cahlan at that time owned quite an interest in the Golden Nugget in Clark County, and I said I could not appoint someone who had a gambling interest on the board. So they immediately had Al Cahlan dispose some way of his stock, and asked that I appoint him. Pat McCarran was very much interested, and, as I stated, McCarran had supported me in 1950. He came to my office and asked for Cahlan's

appointment to the gaming commission. I told him very frankly that I could not name Cahlan, but would name him to the Colorado River Commission. So then he said, "Well, I'd like to have you name Ernie Cragin." He was a former mayor of Las Vegas. I said, "Well, he's a Democrat, and I have to name someone." Then I happened to think of Paul McDermott, who worked very strongly in my campaign and was associated with Cragin in the insurance business. I called Paul, and asked him if he would be interested in it, and he said he would. I called Ernie Cragin then to appease McCarran, and asked him if he would approve of Paul being named to it. And I named Paul to the state tax commission.

And we have to go back on that because at that time Paul McDermott was somewhat dissatisfied. He wasn't getting ahead. He was not a partner in the firm, and was thinking about something else. I talked to Paul and he said he would take it. Well, that was the spur that gave Paul the drive then that Cragin later took him in as a partner, and Paul's become quite a comfortably fixed young man. And it all goes back to the appointment on the tax commission. Later, Paul became perturbed because I didn't name more members in Clark County to the gaming commission and we had a little bit of difficulties, but we remained friends. Later, he withdrew from the commission.

Getting back to Cahlan, I did name Cahlan to the Colorado River Commission. And then in 1954, when they hired cartoonist and all and bitterly opposed me, I checked and found out that as chairman of the Colorado River Commission, I used to attend all the meetings, and Cahlan had only showed up fifty percent of the time. So then when he took after me, I demanded his resignation from the Colorado River Commission, which I received. Things turned and boiled. The

Review-Journal was for me in '50 and against me in '54 and '58, and very bitterly so.

I will tell about some more of the people who helped with my campaigns. Marvin Humphrey and I had, of course, been friends for years. Lucy Humphrey, his wife, was one of the insurgents in the days when the so-called "young Turks" upset the old organization, and had worked very closely with Aleta Gray and with different ones. Coming back to Nevada in 1950, Marvin and his wife had my wife and I to dinner, and it was only during the dinner that I suddenly realized that they were related to, and closely connected with the Bender family. What they did during the primary, I don't know, but they were very fine during the general. And I later, of course, named Marvin to a post in Carson City for a time. We had always been great friends. In my estimation, Lucy Humphrey was the one of the best women workers in setting up precincts and working for a candidate of any women I know in Reno. She seemed to have that drive. Aleta Gray, for a time, had that same drive. Marshall Guisti and his wife, Marvel, were also very effective in the insurgent group.

Helen Wittenberg, of course, who passed away recently, was also one of the driving factors in the Republican party. Another was Mary Eisele, who has since passed away, and was married to Mark "Stretch" Eisele. Mary, who was a person of inherited wealth, took a very active part and was one of the driving forces in Reno. She passed away when I was in South America. In my estimation, she was a very fine woman, and with much more of the political ability, if you want to call it that, than Stretch, her husband. This is often the case with married couples; one or the other will be a dominant factor in politics. Isn't it strange that you never hear of Mary Eisele anymore, or some of those that were so prominent in the party.

Another couple that contributed a great deal in every election I went through was Frank and Louise Bacigalupis. Frank worked at one time for the Reno Laundry. I can recall, even back to '46, that Frank took me up into Gerlach and a couple of places like that. He was going at that time with Louise Hunter, who was the business agent of the Culinary Workers, and active in the unions for years. I could always rely upon Frank and Louise, and they became very good and close friends. Of course, Frank, when I went into office in 1951, was a member of the Nevada Industrial Commission. He had been appointed as a Republican member, and he continued on with the Commission. He just retired quite recently. He and Louise were subsequently married, of course, and she retired from her union activities. It's such friends and couples like that, that really get down and work. I can remember going on trips with Frank, and coming in late at night. We would go up to Louise's and she would have a big bowl of soup or something like that on the stove. I still recall how wonderful it was.

Early in my first administration, I named as civilian defense director, C. A. "Dutch" Carlson. This goes back to the time in 1940, when I was master of the Ely Masonic lodge. Dutch Carlson was the grand master of Masons in Nevada. Through the lodge work, I became acquainted with Dutch. Then in 1946, he was running for state controller as a Republican, and was defeated. I recall going down to where he worked at Standard Oil and trying to figure someone that would be stable to take back with me to Washington, D. C. I asked Dutch if he'd like to go, and he said he would, so I took him back with me. He was there during the two years. Then when I was defeated, he came back here, and when I ran for governor, worked very hard on my campaign. Dutch went with me then first as

head of the civilian defense and then later as, Chet Smith left, as budget director, and stayed with me through the eight years. He and his wife Eda are godparents of our son David, and are very close to the family, just like C. V. Isbell and his wife were godparents to our son James Todd.

In politics, you find you will make friends who will stay with you, and then you make friends who are only interested in what they can get out of you to further themselves. Frankly, percentage-wise, there are very few that stay with you down through the years. Of course, the Carlsons and the Bacigalupis are examples of the best of these types.

In going to Washington, I had set up my office. It was just Carlson and my brother-in-law, Clark Guild, who was at that time working for Pat McCarran, and studying at Georgetown University for his law degree. I took him into my office and he worked for me then for the two years that I was in Congress. Of course Clark is a registered Democrat, but there was a very close relationship down through the years between myself and my brother-in-law. Of course, at that time, the salary of a congressman was \$12,500 a year, and I was only allowed money for three people in the office; no money to set up anyone in Nevada like we do now. I hired an elderly woman who had been on Capitol Hill for quite a time named Miss Curry. The three of us ran the office. Clark left, of course, in the summer of '48 to return to Nevada and take the bar examinations, which he passed. He has since, of course, been an attorney in Reno. Miss Curry later retired and then moved to Florida. Dutch Carlson, of course, lives in Carson City, and his main interest is now in the Masonic orders—he's been the head of most of them.

For many years in the state of Nevada, in the Republican party, the guiding influence

was George Wingfield, Sr., who operated out of his office in the First National Bank. In the same building were the offices of W. H. "Bill" Moffat, who was one of the best-liked of the Nevada cattle barons, a very wealthy man with properties throughout the northern part of Nevada, and who pulled a great deal of weight with all the cattlemen. My father worked for Bill Moffat's father, and then for Bill Moffat and the Union Land and Cattle Company for years. Later, he and Bill Moffat purchased the cattle of the Union Land and Cattle Company on the Mary's River division. They operated by leasing the ranches from Marble and Wright, who had bought the ranches and the receivership when the company went broke shortly after the 1918 period, when they suffered such heavy losses and in sheep and wool. The company went into the receivership of W. T. Smith of Elko, a very wealthy, very well known man. His daughter had married Charles B. Henderson, who at one time was United States Senator from Nevada and very prominent in that period in the state of Nevada. Through the receivership, my father had charge of the Mary's River unit. And then when the ranches were sold to Marble and Wright—to the Marbles, really—the Mary's River land was leased by my father and Mr. Moffat. They continued to run cattle until about 1932, when the cattle were sold.

Interesting to note there, too, that the Marbles brought the young chap by the name of Bill Wright in to work with them, to manage the properties, which he did for many years. As a result, when they split up, he received the Buena Vista and the Mala Vista ranches and probably some other property as his share of the operations. Bill came to Deeth. He was then out of college; his ways were not the ways of the old settled ranchers, and he had quite a bit of trouble at first. My father always stuck up for him, and there

resulted a very close friendship between the two. I believe it was in 1944, that Bill Wright made a trip to Ely to see me, and he wanted to run for United States Senator at that time. He wanted me to run for Congress. I told Bill that I didn't think things were right at that time (at that time also, a number of people in Reno had wanted me to run and I wouldn't)

So then in 1946, when I decided to run for Congress, I asked Bill if he was interested in running for office at that time, and he said no, he couldn't. Then Bill, of course, became very much interested in the Cattlemen's Association, and also became very much interested in the United States Chamber of Commerce. And if I recall correctly, he became one of the directors of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce for a number of years. Very smart, very capable, but he lacked the ability to want to compromise or to swing people to him. This, of course, was borne out in 1962, when he finally did file and run for United States Senator and was defeated. Incidentally, his campaign—largely in Reno—was handled by Les Gray at that time.

Of course, I had been away during this period, but then, in 1956 Bill Wright went out as the national committeeman for Nevada. The convention was held in Winnemucca. I recall it very much because Bill Wright had served for four years as national committeeman and frankly, we had trouble even in getting Bill to attend meetings. One reason was that he had suffered a heart attack during this period and wasn't too active, and another was that he was connected with U. S. Chamber of Commerce. Converse had supported him for years, but we went into the convention in Winnemucca, and I frankly backed Converse over Bill Wright; Bill Wright was elected. Yet, oddly enough, Bill never held that against me. We have continued to be good friends. Bill was not quite, I should say, capable as national

committeeman or effective money-wise or otherwise as Ed Converse.

Bill Moffat was a very close friend of George Wingfield, and was also a close friend of Bill Graham. Graham, at that time, was a big gambling operator in the Reno area and really controlled the gambling as far as northern Nevada was concerned. Bill Graham, of course, passed away recently. So you had a tie-in there of close friendship of Wingfield, Sr. and Bill Moffat the cattleman, Bill Graham the big gambler. Then in the same building you also had the offices of Noble Getchell Mines; and also of Roy Hardy, who was connected with the mines. Next door to Hardy's office, you have the offices of the Nevada Mining Association. So everything was rather closely knit. Then, too, in the same building you had the law offices of Woodburn, Sr., who were the attorneys of Wingfield, and who exercised quite a control in the Democratic party. So you had under one set-up, I would say, a bi-partisan group who often met, and who more or less screened candidates in both parties, and wielded a great deal of influence in the state of Nevada.

And, of course, Thatcher and Woodburn, Sr., passed away a number of years ago, and to some extent some of the political ramifications of the Democratic party have been carried over largely to Bill Woodburn, Jr., who is now the head man in the legal organization, a strong Democrat, and carried on some of the characteristics exemplified for many years by his father.

Wingfield continued to dominate the Republican party, I should say, until about 1946. Then starting to come up on the sidelines was a man by the name of Norman Biltz. Much, of course, has been written and said of Norman Biltz.

He came to Nevada, and they tell the story that he worked as a stable boy up at Lake

Tahoe, and that at one time, he even had to borrow money enough to get a haircut. But he was extremely fortunate in one respect; a Mrs. Nash, who was the sister of Hugh Auchincloss of Washington, D. C., a very well-known and wealthy New York family, came to Nevada for a divorce and she and Mr. Biltz were married. With the marriage, you can see the somewhat rapid ascent then of Norman Biltz in the state of Nevada, both as a developer and as a politician.

Johnny Mueller handled most of the relations for the Wingfield group for many years, and then, with the advent and the rise of Norman Biltz, quietly left the Wingfield camp and became the right-hand man of Norman Biltz. Also reporting to Wingfield and to Biltz all the time were such men for instance, as Roger Teglia, who is in the produce business, and covered the northern part of the state, especially through the Fallon area and Reno. He was very much interested in fish and game, and at one time had a fish and game organization. Teglia himself carried quite a bit of power, I would say, among the sportsmen groups, as well as the farmer groups. So you had then a sort of a check going on.

Biltz and his group were the heavy backers of Senator McCarran. I can't recall whether they backed him when he first ran in 1934, but I know that in subsequent years, they kept a close check on McCarran. Now, this doesn't mean to say that McCarran was entirely influenced by the group, but they were the money-raisers, and he worked very closely with Biltz and his crowd. Of course, McCarran's secretary, or assistant, Eva Adams, when she took office, became a close tie-up there, and that has continued on through the years.

McCarran used Eva's father, Vernon Adams. I've been on several of the celebrations,

in which I rode in the same car with McCarran and Adams. It was Adams who always told McCarran, "Now look, Pat, that man's name is John. Say hello to John." And McCarran would wave and say "Hello, John." It was a very clever gimmick, because Adams, knowing so many people and having a very retentive memory, was able to give the personal touch to McCarran in parades and the like. It was very effective.

When I ran in 1946, the first time, Morley Griswold had his law offices, also in the First National Bank building, and was a very close friend of Max Fleischmann. In fact, he was Max Fleischmann's fishing partner—he and Sessions Wheeler, known, of course, as Buck Wheeler. I would say that Morley Griswold was close to the situation, but never a direct part

of the set-up, because Morley was an individual unto himself. He was a man who had been elected as lieutenant governor under Balzar, and who served as acting governor of Nevada for the period of time after the death of Balzar as acting governor of the state. He ran for reelection back in '34, but was defeated. Then in 1946, Morley Griswold wanted to run for United States Senator. He sent Carl Dodge of Fallon on a tour of the state, and he apparently reported back on the survey they made that George W. "Molly" Malone was the stronger of the two, so Morley Griswold, then, did not run. However, he did support me in 1946, when I first ran for Congress.

It was a time when it was impossible to raise money, because, as I stated before, I cashed in an insurance policy that was my wife's, and with money I had in the bank I started out. It was through Morley Griswold that Max Fleischmann put up \$2,500 in my campaign, and also put up the majority of money for the Republican party. The national party in turn saw that the one or

two thousand dollars—I've forgotten which now—came back to me from the party to help out the campaign, inasmuch as Nevada, largely through Max Fleischmann, had made its quota.

I met Biltz in '46. How he stood in my election for Congress, I don't know. But usually the men that were operating were more interested in the two United States Senators and in the governor of the state of Nevada, than the supporting of the congressmen.

I will tell a little more about Morley Griswold. Of course, there are many old-timers that were very active and have faded away in the state of Nevada, but a large credit is due them. Morley Griswold grew up in Elko County. His father was a sheepman. I can recall as a boy, that my father becoming highly incensed at Morley Griswold's father because he had run some sheep that were on cattle territory. That was back in the old days, which were fighting days. Morley inherited some of the quick temper that was his father's. He was a very able attorney, and as a young man, one of the most outstanding young men in the state of Nevada. He was elected the lieutenant governor when Balzar was elected governor.

It was Morley Griswold who was sitting as governor for Balzar at the time of the defalcation in state funds, and played a somewhat prominent part in that. He was a great sportsman. He was a good attorney. He was a very dynamic sort of person. Some people said he was a little bit loud. But after Balzar had passed away, and he became acting governor, in filing for office and running for that office he took the dynamic approach. At the same time, the odds were so against him, because it was a time of the castigation of Herbert Hoover, the time that the Roosevelt was riding high.

Roosevelt was elected in 1932, and this was in '34, two years after that. Going into a Democratic community, where as we recall, Roosevelt took a number of steps—and many of them were good—toward alleviating the depressed conditions, “Republican” was a bad name there for awhile. And then to go out into a community composed of largely CIO union workers and to tell them, rather than reason with them—and that was his approach. Why, it was just something that aroused the people.

Did I approve of some of Roosevelt’s programs? Some of them, yes, some no. It’s rather strange, but you see a parallel now, somewhat what they call these Job Corps groups, or camps, that they’re setting up. I recall the time that they set up the CCC camps which, in my opinion did an excellent job in the eastern part of the state of Nevada. In fact, I was quite close to the one in White Pine County because the young captain that was in charge of it was Paul Hammel, who I later appointed the insurance commissioner for the state of Nevada. But I think a number of the social steps that were made toward the social security, old-age assistance, and some of those things were inevitable. They already were coming in Europe. We were behind times as far as this nation was concerned. It was a matter of time until we had them. And, of course, they came under Roosevelt. I think that some of those things were inevitable; I think they were good. And I think that they were very well handled by Roosevelt and his administration.

Unfortunately, when we view the Roosevelt administration, we sometimes became enmeshed in personalities, such as Mrs. Roosevelt, and some of the people that he had working for him. Regrettably, I think there were some things that tended more toward the approach of the socialistic society in a way; some of the things that we are reaping

at the present time, especially on this colored situation and the like. I think it probably could have been handled somewhat differently. But I have never felt that everything he did was wrong. I think a number of the things he did were consistent with the changing times and consistent to alleviating the depressed conditions we had, which of course, were not brought on by Hoover, whom I admire very much, and who I knew, but were brought on by the complication of conditions over which no one had any control at the time.

It was while I was on the Marshall Plan and returned from Europe, that Biltz came to Washington, and I had word from Converse that he wanted me to run for governor. At that time, there had brewed up a bitterness between then Governor Pittman and Pat McCarran. And I think I previously stated that, having previous experience in 1948 of running without any money, I needed some assurance. In '48, I had token support from Biltz and his group. I say token because at that time they didn’t want anyone to show too much power, feeling that, in turn, if they did, I might run against McCarran in following years. So that support was only token support.

When I was in Congress, I met Hugh Auchincloss, who was partner in one of the very successful largest brokerage houses in Washington, D. C. I’ll never forget going to a dinner at eight at his lovely mansion on the Virginia side, across the Potomac River. My wife and I went down to a little shop in Connecticut, and she bought a very simple little dinner dress. We arrived at this dinner, which was very lovely. They had two English butlers that served from silver dishes on either side. There were only eight of us. My wife went through the usual inquisition of the women wanting to know what school she graduated from, and so on. When she said “Mills,” she

was accepted by them all right. There was a couple of members of the World Bank there, and some other bankers. My wife and I were the only ones that were in politics, as such.

I sat next to a woman who wanted to know about the family. I told her we had twin sons—they were babies at the time. She said, “Oh, yes twins. And, of course, you have a governess for them.” We had taken a Yugoslavian girl by the name of Millie from McGill with us to help with the children, with the understanding that we would pay her so much a month, and she would attend school part of the time that we were there. So I said yes, we had a governess. She said, “Of course you have. Then they’re grown up, you’ll send them to separate private schools.” I said “Well, they’re pretty young. We don’t know. That’s too far in advance.” And she says, “And of course, you have separate nurses for them.” And I said, “No, but we have separate beds.” She looked at me kind of funny!

My wife and I were counting on the way home the funny things that happened. It turned out that her dress, which was somewhere around the twenty-five dollar mark, was nearly a copy of one that one of the women had on there. She wanted to know where my wife had bought it, and my wife said, “Just a little shop in Washington.” And they said they thought it was very lovely.

Undoubtedly, their clothes were many times more expensive.

So we got home and we were chuckling and my wife was going to take her dress off and go to bed, and she took her dress off and said, “What would they think now?” I looked at my wife in astonishment, because she had found that she didn’t have a black slip, so she had put a black lace nightgown under the dress. She took her dress off and was ready to go to bed. If they had known that, I don’t know what they would have done!

I was very fond of Mr. Auchincloss, who for a time owned some property out in Douglas County, and later sold it. What his relations with his brother-in-law were, I don’t know.

Incidentally, it was his stepdaughter, daughter by his second wife—to whom he was married at the time—who was the mother of Jackie Bouvier who married John F. Kennedy, and later became first lady of the land. I think it’s odd how these things tie in. That would have made her then a step-niece of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Biltz of Reno.

Getting back to 1950 then, I said I had the \$5,000 put up. Biltz raised the \$2,500 in the north and Ed Converse sent in the \$2,500 from the south, which I later found out was his own money. Also, I had the backing then, too, of Max Fleischmann. The cost of the campaign, as compared to what it runs today, was about one tenth. AC that time, there was no television, not too many radio stations. I came back and filed for office, and found that Biltz and his entire group were very solidly behind me, and also Pat McCarran. And there occurred of course, a split in the Democratic party, which proved to my benefit. I was elected.

After I was elected and went into office. I found that Mr. Biltz or Mr. Mueller would be at my office quite a bit. The first thing that McCarran had asked was for Chet Smith; that I find a place for him. He stayed with me until he went to study in San Francisco. I understand that in studying for the bar examination there, that he was subsidized by Mr. Biltz, to show you how he operates.

I have already told about the headache we had with the Basic Magnesium plant in southern Nevada and how I lost the support of Norman Biltz.

Now Johnny Mueller was a member of the Colorado River Commission at that time,

and Julian Moore was running the Basic plant for the state of Nevada. It formed a very ticklish position. However, I will say this for Johnny Mueller. Johnny did a good job on the Commission and worked for the returning of the properties to the people that owned them. And whatever was his position on that with Biltz, or how he justified, I don't know. But it came to pass that the properties were turned over, and the housing was turned over to the people for purchase of the homes and so on. And expediting this largely was Ed Snyder, who at that time was head of the Combine Metals of Pioche, and who did an excellent job. Working for Snyder at that time was Sam Arentz, who was the son of a former Nevada congressman. He worked very closely with Ed Snyder on the whole procedure.

This went on then. I found that I had no support from Biltz and his group. In 1954, when I ran, during this time there had come into Nevada, William "Bill" Loeb, who had a Manchester, New Hampshire, paper, and who had married Nackey Scripps. At that time, he reportedly couldn't go back to his hometown until certain divorce proceedings were ironed out. He established a little weekly newspaper in Reno, and the whole theme of the paper was to unseat me. During that time, Greenspun had hired this man La Fitte (known as La Fitte, the undercover agent, that is not his right name), to "bug" certain individuals in Clark County. He came up with the supposed tie-in of some hoodlum interests in the Thunderbird Hotel, and Pittman sided with the Thunderbird Hotel management, which included Marion Hicks and Cliff Jones and some of them. Loeb had started this little paper which Biltz was interested in. Wally Warren used it as a means then of bitter attacks on me. Over a period of time they had front page editorials that started out "last

straw. In other words, Russell has added the last straw and broken the camel's back. Then it came out the next week was another "last straw." For about four or five issues, every editorial on the front page was a "last straw."

Biltz, through his group, tried every way they could to defeat me, and McCarran was persuaded to come into Nevada and make a series of talks against me. Now my relationship with McCarran was rather peculiar. He was vindictive. With

all of that, I think he was one of the best Senators we ever had for Nevada. He had forewarned me that he was going to make these talks and then leave Nevada. And I had thoroughly understood. He was making one of the last two or three talks, and dropped dead at that time.

The power of Biltz was exercised quite a bit then, because he had a group of friends, all wealthy men who were really—I don't like to use the word exploiting, I think the word developing would probably be much better—the state of Nevada. Included in the group of course, was Chick Bennett, the real estate man. Marsh Johnson was a friend to them, but I don't think as active in many ways. Then, of course, he had Johnny Mueller, who was his contact man. Wally Warren who, as I've related, turned directly opposite to me, sided in with the other side, and was employed by the Bill Loeb interests. Also, Biltz was very close to Stanley Dollar, of the Dollar Steamship Lines, and to E. L. Cord, who had had a ranch in Fish Lake Valley, and who wanted to take an active part in politics in the state.

Meanwhile, of course, you still had George Wingfield, Sr., but his activities had largely quieted down, I would say. His main contacts largely still were with Noble Getchell, who had been senator from Lander County, who had developed the Getchell Mine. Mark Bradshaw

of Tonopah, now deceased, in the old days, was a right-hand man of the group.

Bill Moffat, as far as I know, in subsequent years played not too important a part. He was getting along in years. The man who really took over then as sort of the friend of the ranchers and all and held great respect, was Harvey Sewell, who was later head of the Nevada Bank of Commerce in Nevada, a Democrat, always a good friend of mine, and a man who I always admired as being, not only trustworthy, but being a good man for the state of Nevada.

In trying to analyze Biltz, it's a little bit difficult. Here's a man that had set out—and I know because he told me at one time—to make as much money as his wife had, how many millions, I don't know, about four or five or six. He developed the Miles property and a ranch in Pershing County, he developed quite a bit of land on a little lake this side of Tahoe, where they had sort of a recreation place for Biltz and his friends. Tied in very closely with this group was Bill Cashill, who has since passed away, the attorney. Biltz and his group would meet and hold court, nearly, and were very active, and I would say very powerful through this period of time. I think in this operation the man did good for Nevada, but coming up the way he did, he was always the type that dealt in hiring people to do things, or in paying them for doing things. The power was such that they didn't brook any opposition to some of their plans. Now what would have happened on the Basic Magnesium plant, I don't know, but I do know that the matter there was dropped then and that I was no longer in the good graces of Biltz and his group.

There were some hinting that I was being paid by Biltz in the newspaper. Being very frank, in Washington, D. C., when I planned on coming

back, and probably seeking the governorship of Nevada, Biltz gave me two hundred dollars to help defray the costs of the trip. When I got to Nevada, I was loaned a car by Archie Pozzie, Jr., in Carson City, and used that car to make the trip. When I had filed, before I had filed, Biltz had put up \$2,500, as I said, and later put up \$2,000 that I know of in the campaign.

Now money was usually funneled through Wally Warren and handled through committees. And after I was in office, at that time, a governor had to buy his own car and so on. Through Biltz and his connections, I bought a car at, I would say, wholesale. And that is the only time that I received money or accepted anything as far as Biltz and his group were concerned.

After I was elected, I offered Wally Warren the post of Employment Security Director for the state of Nevada. Wally was not interested in it. What he had hinted at was that he would like to be sort of set up as a screening person on appointments, and things would go through him. This I could not see.

I'll give you another aspect of this. Also working very closely with Biltz and his group were the Sanford brothers, Pat and Les. Now they had the Caterpillar and some other agencies here, and I very much wanted to set up a state purchasing department between the state to save money on things that we bought. I was told that if we would continue buying like had been done before, that a certain percentage would be set aside for campaign funds for my next campaign. This was all part of the pitch. When I refused this, and put through the state purchasing act, in turn I alienated any support I had from the Sanford group, who were tied in closely. So I had to make up my mind whether I wanted to play it my way and play it honestly, or whether I was to be in a position, frankly, where if I came out of office that I would have probably

something to go on. And I chose trying to play it straight, which is one reason why I'm working at the present time, if you want to know.

These people exercised their power mainly through support, through trying to promote candidates they thought they could work with. I'll give some examples. In 1958, when I was running again, Cord and Biltz and the group were backing Harvey Dickerson for governor, and rumor had it they had guaranteed him some \$10,000 for the campaign. The meeting was held in Hawthorne, and a group then put on a big cocktail party and so on for him there, but it didn't work out. Grant Sawyer defeated Dickerson, whom they were for, for the nomination in the primaries.

In '58 as far as I know, after the primary was over, they, of course, contributed nothing to me. Yet, at the same time, I think, they took somewhat of a hands-off policy, because here their candidate had been defeated in the primary.

Going back to 1954, when Archie Grant had filed for governor and Pittman was running again, at first the group seemed to be all for Archie Grant, but a meeting was held in Tonopah with Grant. Now what took place there, I don't know. I know that right after Grant was in Tonopah, they swung in back of Pittman in 1954. I think Archie Grant could probably tell you more than that! This may be amusing: Archie Grant stopped me the other day and told me that in my last campaign, he voted for me. Now something, in other words, had taken place. And as I have said before I have always had a great admiration for Archie Grant.

The campaign funds are difficult. I think when I ran for Congress the first time, and probably the second time, I did it on a budget of about \$12,500 state-wide.

When I ran for governor the first time, we used probably about \$50,000, and a lot of

that was put up by individuals. Fleishmann raised contributions. Oddly enough, George Whittell, who was a character unto himself, contributed a thousand dollars. Some money, frankly, came out of the gambling interests contributing—not a great deal. In other words, they contributed much more to Pittman's campaign. They do that. If they think you're going to win, they'll put up money, but if they think you don't have a chance, then the money is shortcoming. I'll give two examples of this.

This group that had started the racetrack down in Clark County contributed generously to Pittman's campaign, and I think had given maybe a token amount to my backers. The day the election was over, I got a phone call from Las Vegas from the group. They said that they had a man flying up with \$7,500 for my campaign. I said, "Why?" And they said, "Well, we had contributed to your opponent and we want to square things around." Now this was after the election. Before, we could have used it, but I told them in no uncertain terms they could keep the money.

I'll give you another example. In 1954, I wasn't supposed to win, and this fracas broke out in the Thunderbird which gave me a big lift, and Hank Greenspun and his paper were behind me. And I had the Las Vegas Review-Journal against me. About a week before the campaign, I was in Ely, and I had a phone call from some of the gambling people in Las Vegas. They said, "We want to contribute to your campaign." We were short on funds, and I said, "Well I'll be down there in a day or two." I got down there, and lo and behold, they had \$5,000 for me. And I realized then that they were probably taking a poll; that they'd taken a poll and figured it, so they had better ante some money up. The \$5,000 went into the general campaign fund.

Now in 1958, I've related about Rex Bell, some money going back to Jim Ryan. I think

the campaign cost about \$87,000. And a lot of it was collected from different friends and supporters, from different counties, and so on. And I had funds that were put up through the gaming interests in the committee. Fortunately, probably, less than for my opponent was the way, in fact, the money was put up. It largely came prior to the first of October. And then when the polls started being taken, why everybody just dried up completely. That's the way they operate.

When I decided to run for third term, I was at a meeting in Elko. They came to me and wanted me to run for a third term. I debated with my family and realized that it would be difficult. Then, foolishly or otherwise, I figured that I had nothing to lose if I ran. We had no one else that wanted to run at that time. Rex Bell wasn't ready, and he didn't want to run. I talked with him. They seemed to think I had the best chance. And so I talked to the family along this way, if I ran it'd be difficult, but if I didn't run, the outcome would be exactly the same. I mean I'd be out of office if I was defeated or didn't run. The polls prior to the primary were quite heavily in my favor. But in the fall of the year and the Russian sputniks and the depression and so on set in, and there was a national tide all over the country that went against me. Add the fact that my opposition used two things. One, they used the investigation of the boy's school in Elko which I had supported and where I had thought we were curing some things. It broke the month preceding the election. And two, the other thing they used, they made it look like a big scandal was the orphan's home in Carson City over which I had absolutely no control, because that came under the state welfare board. The state welfare board had appointed Jed Oxborrow as head of the institution. I had no control over

it whatsoever. That's always been a bitter spot with me, because on the school in Elko, I had asked the state legislature for money for new buildings and to alleviate conditions there, and they had refused. So there was really nothing we could do. Ward Swain, who was a Democrat, was head of the school, and ironically enough, the district attorney in Elko County, who should have been keeping a check on it (Grant Sawyer), was my opponent. So I was caught in a squeeze there. I don't think that it was a determining factor. I think that of the overall determining factors, one was the third term, and two was the swing that was going on through the country at that time and the depression. I still insist that people vote a party in or out more on a national swing, rather than any other thing.

As an example, for instance, L. B. Johnson is undergoing a decline in popularity with Viet Nam and so on, and there is underway at the present time another national swing. Now how it goes, I don't know, but if it keeps on, it will carry a number of Republicans back into power.

And of course, here's another thing, too, in running for a third term. It's so true that once you're bit by the political bug, you sort of set your sights up as being the indispensable person. It sort of gets in your blood, and it's a hard thing not to do. I think that Sawyer was in the same position along that line that I was then, except he had done what I never did, and that is to build up a forceful machine, as such. And if you'll look back, you'll find out that I had no machine, as such. I utilized in top positions as many Democrats as Republicans, which he has not done. And I can recall a number of those as a matter of record. Ward Swain, head of the school in Elko; Bob Allen, head of the Nevada Industrial Commission; Cap Cooney,

head of the Buildings and Grounds; Paul Hammel, head of the insurance group; Art Bernard, state warden; all Democrats. I don't recall others now, but you can see from those that many of the top positions I had went to Democrats. Then I also named Byron Stetler as superintendent of schools, and Byron, I believe, was a Democrat also. That was at a time when it was no longer an elected position.

I went under the theory that Nevada is a state where you deal with individuals largely, in place of the party line, in trying to pick capable people. I always said that if I had two people, and the Republican was equal to the Democrat, I would appoint the Republican, but if I thought the Democrat was better than the Republican, then I'd appoint the Democrat.

I think one of the nicest things that came out was that I had the friendship of—and still do—most of the Democrats that were elected to the state offices. For instance, Dan Franks, the former state treasurer, and I are still the best of friends, and he is a man who I think a great deal of. And I know he thought the same of me.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

In looking back through the years, I have known a total of seven men who served as governor of the state of Nevada and knew them all, more or less, fairly well.

I recall as a youngster living on a ranch in Deeth when we got a phone call one night stating that Emmet D. Boyle had arrived with my uncle Neal H. Chapin who was then state senator from White Pine County. The furor around the house of getting ready, preparing, my mother seeing to it that dinner was prepared, and having Governor Boyle as a guest to dinner that night. I was quite young, of course, at the time, and to me this was an unforgettable occasion, because I was just a boy on the ranch, and Emmet D. Boyle, whom I admired, and a Democrat, who I thought was one of the most able men at one time, came to our house for dinner.

My mother, of course, had always been a very staunch Democrat, and my father a Republican, so she was delighted, although, as any woman on a ranch would be, she was worried as to whether the dinner would be just right. Of course, in those days, typical

on the ranch, we butchered our own beef. To a person on a ranch, it meant nothing, but to other people a beef steak dinner was really something.

My first acquaintance with Governor James Scrugham was when I was attending the University of Nevada. He was governor at the time. And I think I recalled the incident of Armistice Day, when he spoke at one of the theaters in Reno, and a few of us students went down to hear him. He had gained weight since he came out of the army; he was a colonel, and he looked like a pouter pigeon in his army uniform when he strutted out on the stage. Four or five of us from the University couldn't help but burst out laughing, and the first thing we knew we were politely ushered out of the building.

Scrugham, I think, did a lot for the state. He was probably the first man who was conscious of the need for retaining the historical sites and developing parts in the state of Nevada. At that time, he was called the "traveling governor," because he visited many areas throughout the state of Nevada. He was

a peculiar man. He was a capable engineer, of course, and did a number of good things for the state of Nevada.

He was succeeded by Fred D. Balzar, who was rather a dynamic person. I would say not a completely literate person in many ways. He had been a railroad man. He came in succeeding Emmet D. Boyle and Scrugham, both of whom were in education far above Fred Balzar. Balzar had a common touch, as far as many people were concerned. He loved prize fights. At the time of the treasury defalcation of funds, he appointed an uncle of mine, George Russell, the state treasurer. One of the things that the two of them used to always do was attend the prize fights. He was probably more of the politician type than either Boyle or Scrugham, in that he seemed to gain close friends and then build up a solid core of people who were former railroad men. He was probably a man we'd call extraliberal in a way.

When he passed away, Morley Griswold became acting governor. Morley Griswold was lieutenant governor at the time. I had known Morley Griswold for years, because the Griswold family and the Russell family were old families in Elko County. In fact, Morley Griswold's father used to run sheep adjacent to some land where my father, with the Union Land and Cattle Company, ran cattle. I can recall one incident. I was a young chap when my father went to see Morley Griswold's father and had a heated argument that nearly led to, I guess you would call, fisticuffs. It was the old fight of the sheep versus cattle, and there was strained relations there for a number of years. But this didn't carry down as far as Morley was concerned. He was an attorney, later became one of my closest friends.

Richard Kirman, a former Reno banker, had been elected as governor of the state of Nevada in 1934, and was the governor

when I first became a member of the Nevada assembly. He was a retiring sort of chap, who shunned or reluctantly attended many of the things that a governor was called upon to attend. He was a Democrat. Of course, Balzar and Griswold both were Republicans. I always had a high regard for Kirman, and, in fact, in 1946, he was neutral as far as my campaign was concerned. When I first ran for governor, during the heat of the last month or so of the campaign, he came out openly and supported my candidacy.

E. P. Carville followed Kirman as governor of the state of Nevada. There again, Carville was a Democrat, who had been a judge in Elko, and, of course, had been United States attorney with offices in Reno. He was a man who one of my aunts had taught in grade school many years before, and who I held the highest regard for.

At the time that Berkeley Bunker was appointed by Carville to the United States Senator post at the death of Pittman, he called me on the phone and he said, "You know, I was considering your name," and he said, "But you're Republican." I can recall that during the legislature I was always on very friendly terms with Governor Carville. I can recall at one time that I had dinner with several others at the mansion with him and he showed me through the house, and he said, "Someday, you may be up here." I looked around and I said, "Well, I'd like to, but I don't think there's any possibility that a Republican in the state of Nevada would be ever occupying the governor's mansion in Carson City." Incidentally, this friendship continued on down through the years. When I was in office and Carville was alive, at all times he was welcome to my office. In fact, his oldest son Ted, who became a lawyer, registered in the Republican party as a Republican. Of course, young Ted then passed away before his father did.

I think I've covered Vail Pittman before. I ran against him twice. It was probably inevitable that the two of us who operated newspapers in Ely, and who both had served in the Nevada state senate would one day run against each other. Although I had probably known Pittman and seen him more than any of the others, I was never close to him. Competitively, of course, in the newspaper business and jockeying for position, if you call it that, and the different things within the county. I always, however, had the highest regard for Mrs. Pittman, who, I thought, was in many ways more capable in public relations and all, than her husband was. I still think that she was, and is, a remarkable woman. Pittman on the election of 1950, had not conceived the possibility of being defeated, and after the election was over, was very bitter. This continued for some time. He used to write articles in his paper, bitterly opposed to me. He was rather vindictive in many ways. I think that as a governor he was not a bad governor. Understand that at the time that he was in office that the state furnished no cars, maximum salary was \$7,600, and the mansion had deteriorated quite a bit, because there were not available funds. So in many ways, he faced a period in the state of Nevada that was probably most difficult for any man who would be governor.

Looking back as to when I first entered politics is rather interesting. I came as I said, of a family that the mother was Democratic, the father was Republican. A family that both grandfathers had served in the state legislature, one a Democrat, and the other, Republican. I had had two uncles serve in the state senate, one a Democrat and one a Republican. I had two uncles serve in the lower house, one a Democrat, and one a Republican. I think it's understandable that I was somewhat confused as to party

lines! In fact, as a boy in high school, I was elected president of the student body on the Democratic ticket, which is, of course, neither here nor there.

Why does a person enter into politics? I don't know. There's some driving force, I guess. Why does a person get elected? There is some intangible something or other that makes a man get more votes than another person. Through the years in election, I have seen many fine men go down to defeat who were much better than those elected. And the only reason that I could see is that intangible something that makes people vote for one person over and above the other.

Labor, when I was in the legislature, was solidly behind me, but when I ran for Congress, I was disappointed in which they told me that they couldn't openly support me because I was a Republican. And I think that's continued on through the years that the Democratic party, that the labor means more to them, it still does, than they do to the Republican party. The Republican party, rightly or wrongly, has come up with the problem in the minds of the people that they represent the extra-conservative group within the United States, which is probably partially true, although you will find segments in the Democratic party that are just as conservative as members of the Republican party.

Was I ever sorry that I ran? No. I think it gave me probably a much fuller life than anything I possibly could have done. After Congress, it gave me an office in Europe and working on the Joint Committee on Foreign Economic Cooperation and studying the operation of the Marshall Plan. I had charge of the investigative work on strategic and critical materials that took me all through Europe, into Greece and Turkey and into Africa. It opened up the realization how other people live, and what we were up against, and

the philosophies of the people of the different countries as compared to the American people. And also it opened up, of course, after I left as governor, probably three years and eight months of the most interesting life that I ever led. And that was being director of AID and the United States mission in Paraguay, where a person could realize some accomplishments, and yet at the same time offer the opportunity for the family of living abroad and broadening their lives too, as well as mine.

Life changes and folds. There isn't an election you can go through and have the same group of people actively for you. When you run into the social advancement that takes place in other countries as well as in the United States, you have to meet those advancements, and realize that most of them are here to stay. In other words, you gauge your life along that line.

We talk about going back, There's no going back in anything, whether it be education or welfare or development. In other words, it's a trend that goes through that you have to meet.

I'll give an example. My Uncle George, who was the state treasurer and is eighty-nine, is still in the gold and silver days, and everything that happens today is wrong. He talks to my sons, saying there's no stability in money, and so on. Well, we don't have money as such now related to gold and silver. We have what I would call a national credit, and the money is a national credit to be used. My children know nothing else but that, so I don't worry them with the past, but I try to tell them that they have to meet the unfolding conditions of the future, and forget about what has taken place except only as it relates to the development in the future.

For life influences, basically, of course, you go back to your parents. My mother was well educated; my father wasn't. And yet they instilled in me what was doing right, I guess

you'd call it. I know that probably my greatest influence there was my mother, who was a very capable individual, very materialistic individual in many ways. While my father was Irish had somewhat volatile, yet at the same time, for instance, he would never let me go into debt on anything. If I didn't have the money, I didn't get it. And my mother was the same way.

I recall once when I was home from the University, twenty-one. The little club across from the ranch house in Deeth was run by Wilbur Gardner, and they had poker games. Of course, gambling wasn't legal at that time, other types. I several times went over, and he'd give me maybe forty or fifty dollars, and I'd sit in on a poker game to get one started. The ranchers would come in. If I won anything, I'd return it to him, and he would pay me. My father found out about it and he just gave me holy what-you-could-call-it. His philosophy was, you don't gamble against friends, one; and two, you don't gamble for a living. He told me in no uncertain terms, and I think that the lesson I had then has carried on for me through the years.

The same way with charging things. He thought that you don't do anything unless you have the money for it. And I think that's borne out in my administrations, and that I've been conservative along those lines.

The first year I was in the University, if I remember correctly, my folks sent me \$65 a month. I used to do my own laundry and get by on that. I deposited the check in the bank, and I overdrew about four or five dollars. The scare I had that something terrible was going to happen because I had overdrawn at the bank! That has never happened since that time. Little things like that, that have a bearing on it, I think, when you are younger.

What are future plans? Frankly, I don't know. I have been at the University of Nevada

now nearly three years, I'll continue at least another year. I look forward, frankly, to the time when the children are through the University. On the average person, putting five children through the University is a terrific strain financially, when you do not have a great deal of money. Coming to the University has helped me immeasurably, of course, in putting the children through school.

I look forward to the time when the children are through school, and when my wife and I can probably have a small place, someplace, I don't know where, where we can live a quiet life and probably do a little gardening, a little fishing, or probably sit back and wait for grandchildren, and hope that there is some way that we can help them in their aspirations.

Just this year (1966), the twin sons have turned twenty-one years of age. I got them together and talked seriously to them that if they wanted to enter politics to be careful, because it can be heart-breaking. I mean when I first ran for office, it completely broke me as far as money was concerned. There's only one end to a political life, or two ends, I guess you'd say. One is defeat; the other is death. Once you're in office, you're catered to by people. You're the big man. As soon as you're out of office, by many, you're completely dropped. Life has always been that way; the public is fickle and it caters to the person in office. In many cases, the man, when he is defeated, is forgotten, doesn't have that prestige in office to carry on.

After going out of office, I withdrew as I to what I would call being active. I had two courses of action; one, I could have been bitter and I could have been critical; the other was I could have just quietly, as a person says, gone my own way. This latter, I thought, was better.

Any man who is elected to office is entitled to prove himself in

office and I think that the record will show that through

the years, which is nearly eight years now, that I have never made a public utterance or a public criticism of the present administration, except that when Paul Laxalt ran for United States Senator in 1964, I told Paul that I was available to him, and on three or four occasions, I did speak in his favor at rallies and introduced him, and was firmly in back of him.

As I said, I called the sons together to talk with them informally and I told them very frankly when they were going to register for the general election that, when I first registered, I registered as non-partisan. I said that as far as I was concerned, they could register in the party they wanted to. The only thing that I asked them to do was to read what they could, and study what they could, and then make up their own minds on that.

I have been asked about my philosophy. Life's a peculiar thing at best, I know when I went to the University through high school and then the University I became rather idealistic. When you're not making your own money, your parents are contributing to your education. I know that when I was in the University of Nevada, probably my ideal as far as the presidents were concerned at that time was Woodrow Wilson. I had two classes under Silas Feemster, also under Reuben Thompson, who was head of the philosophy department. And I'll never forget that Feemster, who was an oddity in his way, and yet continually spoke of the need of "mundialism," he called it, or "wordlist," which impressed me very deeply. That was the thought that one nation cannot survive alone. Of course, this was the objective of Woodrow Wilson in attempting to set up the League of Nations.

I think, in fact, that if in his last term he had not been ill like he was, and his second wife taking over quite a bit, he would have emerged in history a greater man than he really was. But I think he was farsighted in seeing that one nation, as I said before, can't live alone. It was on this reason that I always supported the Marshall Plan and the thought that we had obligations to the world, and that we couldn't isolate ourselves as an island.

I think that people have an obligation to be interested in politics. I abhor the fact that the greater percentage of voters vote entirely as to what their paycheck is and how their living conditions are. Most people have no interests except that are selfish, to the extent of themselves.

Of course, this may be right in a way, because to any individual, the dearest thing is their own life. We see that in older people and they repeatedly say, "Oh, I wish I could die, or something would happen to me." Yet they cling to that slender thread of life as long as they possibly can, because it's the dearest thing to them. And I think this motivates the individual. I do think that more people should take an interest in politics, but on a broader basis. We all seem too inclined to become interested in politics on account of something that we want personally, rather than, in many cases, what I would call good government.

I think the state has obligations, even as the federal government does, of directing and carrying out programs that are beneficial to the people as a whole. Yet, I think the people have obligations to the state and country, too, of, well, I go back to the family responsibility law that I advocated. I think the basis of anything is families, and I'm somewhat afraid that we are losing some of that responsibility as evidenced by the number of crimes, the juvenile delinquencies, and all, that are going

through this country at the present time, and which will increase.

I have never fully understood in some ways the clash on segregation, for instance. I've always been prone to think that people should work out their own problems with some aid, rather than being given too much. For instance, an example of this is the aid to dependent children in some of the heavily segregated districts. For instance, the illegitimate birth rate is continuing to go up, and the burden is then placed on the government, and so on.

As we expand in growth, our problems will expand. How far can we go, I don't know. I think frankly this clash between races is unfortunate, but I don't see any personal solution to it. I think, as they say, time will take care of it, yet it's something that's been with us for many, many years, and which I think will increase and grow rather than diminish in the years to come, regrettably so. What the solution is, I don't know.

Probably my personal philosophy has always been that everybody is an individual just like I am. They have their hopes, their daydreams and so on. They should be treated as individuals and given what opportunity they can, if they realize those responsibilities.

My life has been centered largely on the fact of trying to build a life of which my children would be proud. Now that sounds strange. In other words, I've never been an "operator" as such. But this goes back to probably to the training in the little farm community where death was a calamity, where a troubled family was a calamity, and where there was a minimum of freedom of the young individual, as compared to now. It was back in the horse and buggy days. There were few cars. Your whole life was centered on everybody knowing what you were doing, and you tried to protect yourself and family

by doing the right thing. And I think the influence has carried over to the extent that my life had been motivated on that objective.

My greatest pride is in having five youngsters, all of whom have turned out well, and are a credit to my wife and me. I think probably that's my greatest accomplishment. I think I will always be proud of the things accomplished as governor of the state of Nevada, of setting the stage for development of many things within the state that turned the state over from, shall I say, a horse and buggy period, into this new period of meeting the now existing national and world responsibility.

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